THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 45, N°. 8, for August, 1814.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. View of the ALHAMBRA, at Granada.
2. Fashionable COSTUMÈ for September.
3. PATTERNS for Different Parts of a DRESS.

CONTENTS.

Description of the Alhambra, at Granada, (*with a Plate*) page 355
The Dutch Patriots, 357
Gratified, yet not Satisfied, 362
The Author's Portfolio.—Integrity and Duplicity; an Allegory, 364
On Riches, 367
Hope and Fear, 370
The Adopted Child, 372
On Youth, 377
The Highland Hermitage, 378
The Progress of Skepticism, 383
Anecdote of Peter the Great, 384
Anecdote of Lord Nelson, 385
Theatric Anecdotes, 385
Tame Snakes, 385
Remains of Voltaire, 386
Brasilian Manners, 386
Feminine Education in Sicily, 387
Indian Dans, 387
A Man of Feeling, 388
Persian System of Depredation, 388
Royal Sportsman, 389
Reading prevented, 389
An Italian Sky, 389

POETRY.

Henry, to Ellen, 389
Address to the Glow-worm, 390
The Soldier returned, 391
The despairing Bard's Invocation to Sleep, 391
Henry and Clarissa, 392
Tears of Ellen, 393
The Prison, 394

FASHIONS for September, 395
BOOKS recently published, 395
CHRONICLE, 396
Births, 400
Marriages, 400
Deaths, 400

LONDON:

Printed for G. and S. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row,

where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

Mr. *Webb's* obliging letter has come to hand. Suffice it here to say, that the argument is *unanswerable.*—His "*Impromptu*"—"*Rest*"—"*Love*"—and "*Viper*," shall meet with due attention.

Miss *Richardson's* "*Jephtha*"—"*Acrostich*"—"*Parody*"—"*Death of an Infant*"—and "*Sorrows of Ellen*," are under consideration.

"*The Madeira Boy*" is in the same predicament.

"*A Day at an Inn*"—"*Matrons' Society*"—"*Peep at my Neighbours*"—continuation of "*Integrity and Duplicity*"—and six chapters of "*The Son of a Peer*," are come to hand.

"*Le Beau Polonais*" is safe, and reserved for further consideration.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,
For AUGUST, 1814.

The Alhambra, *at* Granada.
(*With a Plate.*)

The Alhambra, the ancient fortress and palace of the Moorish kings —of which the annexed plate exhibits an accurate delineation—is thus described by Mr. Jacob, in his "Travels in the South of Spain."

It is situated on the top of a hill overlooking the city, and is surrounded with a wall of great height and thickness. The road to it is by a winding path through a wood of lofty elms, mixed with poplars and oleanders, and some orange and lemon trees. By the side of the road, or rather path (for it is not designed for wheel carriages) are beautiful marble fountains, from which transparent streams are constantly rushing down. The entrance is through an archway, over which is carved a key, the symbol of the Mahomedan monarchs. This gate, called the "Gate of Judgement," according to Eastern forms, was the place where the kings administered justice. The horse-shoe arches are supported by marble pillars, ornamented, in the Arabian style, with bandeaus and inscriptions, one of which, in the ancient Cufic character, has been translated by some of the literati, "Praise be to God. There is no God, but one; and Mahomet is his prophet; and there is no power, but from God." —These and similar inscriptions are extremely numerous in every part of the buildings. They have been carefully copied and translated, and are preserved in a beautiful work published by the royal academy of St. Ferdinand, in Madrid. Some of them are in the Cufic, and others in the modern Arabic characters, which are easily distinguished from each other.

All the ornaments of the Alhambra are intermixed with more modern ones, of the age of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of the emperor Charles the Fifth, whose arms, together with those of some of their successors, destroy in some degree the effect of that illusion, which might otherwise transport the beholder to the palace of the Caliph of Damascus, or to the scenes of the "Arabian Nights." This execrable taste is even carried so far, that an image of the Virgin, or an inscription in praise of the Catholic conquerors, very frequently stands by the side of others of opposite import; and a picture in this gate is shown, which our guide very gravely assured us was painted by St. Luke, and was the second portrait he had made of his divine master.

After leaving the "Gate of Judgement," we passed through another, which is now converted into a chapel, and, with much fatigue, arrived at the *Plaza de los Algibes*, or the Square of the Cisterns, under which water is brought from another hill at the distance of a league. These reservoirs are so large, and contain so much of that necessary article, that they provided an ample supply for all the numerous inhabitants who formerly dwelt in the Alhambra. From this spot the prospect of the surrounding country was very fine; and the majestic Sierra Nevada seemed impending over us.

The palace of the Emperor Charles

the Fifth, the finest building of the age in which Spanish architecture was at its height, forms one side of the square, and is a beautiful specimen of the taste and ability of the artist, Alonzo Berrueguete, who drew the plan, and began to execute it in 1537. It is a square building; each front being two hundred and twenty feet in length. The doors correspond with the sumptuous beauty of the edifice; and there are some basso-relievoes in the front, admirably executed in marble, in medallions, by Antonio Leval, which record the principal events of the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Few buildings can exceed this in beauty. Perhaps the Banqueting-House at Whitehall more nearly resembles it, than any other building in England, and may give some idea of it. The interior of this palace is a circle, surrounded with thirty-two marble pillars of the Doric order, with niches between each for statues. The apartments are very well contrived for the climate; and the marble staircases are extremely magnificent. The roof never was laid on, and, of course, the building has never been finished; but it remains a proud monument of the genius of the age in which it was built, and forms a remarkable instance of the mildness of that climate, to which it has been exposed for the lapse of three centuries, without any alteration in its appearance, or diminution of its beauty.

I was much struck with the contrast between the exterior beauty of this palace, and that of the Moorish kings, which adjoins it. The Moors certainly paid less attention to the outside of their buildings, and infinitely more to internal beauty, than their Christian successors. The most striking object which presents itself, upon entering the first court, is a marble fountain in the middle, with apartments at each end, which are supported by pillars of the same substance, in a very peculiar style of architecture. From these I passed, with much delight and wonder, through various apartments, of exquisite beauty. The most remarkable parts of the building are the hall of ambassadors, the court of lions, the hall of the two sisters, that of the Abencerraxes, the royal baths, and the queen's dressing-room, all of which are paved with marble, and have pillars of the same substance, supporting arches of the pure Arabic form, adorned with stucco, and a species of porcelain, the coloring and gilding of which, after a period of five hundred years, have a freshness and brilliancy equal to the best English or French China.

The hall of ambassadors is a square of forty feet, eighty feet in height, with nine windows opening upon balconies, from which the views of the surrounding country are extremely fine. The inscriptions, which are in Arabic, are worked in porcelain, with exquisite skill, so as to unite with the stucco ornaments which every where abound. They generally consist of those expressions of piety customary with the Mahomedans. The cieling is very beautifully inlaid with wood of various colors, and is adorned with a number of gold and silver ornaments, in the form of circles, crowns, and stars.

The court of the lions is the most striking part of this edifice; for nothing can excel the effect produced by the corridor which surrounds it. One hundred and twenty-eight marble pillars are arranged for the support of the arches on which the upper apartments of the palace rest, in a manner at once pleasing and magnificent. In the centre of the court a large marble fountain is placed, which is supported by twelve lions,

by no means corresponding to the splendor of the architecture. Upon many parts of the building there are numerous inscriptions, partly in Cufic and partly in Arabic characters; and, in addition to the usual pious sentences, others are mingled, in praise of the founder of the edifice. On the fountain, one was pointed out, the translation of which is, "Blessed be He who gave to the prince Mahomed a habitation, which, by its beauty, may serve as a model for all dwellings."

On one side of the court is the hall of the two sisters, the ornaments of which are similar to those in that of the ambassadors. It is remarkable only for two marble slabs, which form part of the floor, and measure fourteen feet in length, and seven in breadth, surrounded with Cufic and Arabic inscriptions. The hall of the Abencerraxes, which is on the opposite side, is so called from a vulgar tradition, that thirty-two members of that distinguished family were murdered by the king Abu Abdallah in this apartment; a tradition so firmly believed by our guide, that he showed us the marks of their blood in the marble fountain, and assured us most solemnly that no endeavour had ever been able to remove the stains. The hall of the Abencerraxes partakes of the same species of beauty which is so conspicuous in the other apartments.

The baths are most beautifully finished, are lighted from the top, and possess every convenience and luxury which characterises the peculiar taste of the Arabs. These baths, on account of the frequent ablutions required by the Mahomedan religion, constituted the most important part of the royal palace; and no pains have been spared to render them magnificent. The queen's dressing-room is decorated like the other apartments, but is much more profusely ornamented with gilding and porcelain. In one part of the floor, a perforated marble slab is inserted, through which (it is said) perfumes were conveyed: but Argote, an author who has paid great attention to Arabian antiquities, thinks that this chamber was an oratory, and not a dressing-room.

The number of apartments in this palace of enchantment is very considerable. The character of the whole is so remote from all the objects to which we are accustomed, that the impression of wonder and delight, which it has excited, will afford me the most pleasing reflexions during the remainder of my life. This noble palace, however, is hastening to decay; and, without repairs, to which the finances of Spain are inadequate, it will, in a few years, be a pile of ruins; its voluptuous apartments, its stately columns, and its lofty walls, will be mingled together, and no memorial be left in Spain of a people who once governed the peninsula.

The whole fortress of the Alhambra is very extensive, and contains a considerable number of inhabitants. Within the inclosure of the walls stands a Mahomedan mosque, now converted into a Christian church, the absurd ornaments of which form a striking contrast to the simple columns of the original structure.

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page* 278.)

Fired with ungovernable fury, Alva stimulates the valour of his cohorts, who were yielding the victory to the gallant defenders of the citadel. "What!" cries he with tremendous voice—"is it you who recoil? Why do you not also abandon that fort of which we have just gained possession? why do you not fly even

to distant Spain? Be gone! let not the Pyrenees retard your flight! Go, inform our countrymen, and Philip himself, that the conquerors of the world here turn their backs before a handful of Batavians and a crowd of women!"

At these words the Spanish bands instantly rally, and the chiefs are inspired with new courage. Vitelli advances at the head of his troops, as if marching to certain victory: Frederic, elate with the subjugation of Haerlem, ardently thirsts for the destruction of Leiden: Ferdinand wishes to distinguish himself as the foremost in scaling the ramparts: Braquemont, Avila, Mondragone, and Romero, are resolved to contend with him for that honor: but the combatants of Leiden remain unshaken, supported as they are by the presence of their wives, of their fathers, of their children, and inspirited by the exhortations of Douza, who flies from rank to rank, pronouncing the name of Nassau, and reminding them that on this spot he had displayed his valour in their defence. They fancy they behold him still present; and, as if they heard his voice and saw him combating at their head, they brave every assault, both on the ramparts and in the plain; while Leiden throws open her gates, threatening to pour forth the entire host of her defenders, and, by one universal effort, to triumph over the rage of the Spanish legions.

Astonished at the obstinate resistance, the more than mortal intrepidity, he experiences on the part of an enemy whom he had flattered himself with the hope of subduing in a single attack—alarmed at the vast havoc death has made in his ranks—grieved to see almost every one of his chiefs wounded by the hands of the Batavian heroes and heroines—Alva affects to appear satisfied with the reduction of one of the forts, and at length conducts his troops back within their lines.

Douza testifies his grateful acknowledgements to the heroic women, and his satisfaction to the whole body of the inhabitants. The corses of Rosalinda and Arodar are carried to the ramparts, and into the city itself, by Selida and others of the gallant female combatants, attended by a numerous escort of their companions. The citizens eagerly crowd around, to behold the mournful spectacle: they see the lifeless pair locked in each other's embraces; and the cold hand of Arodar, as if exerted to stop the blood, presses against that bosom on which he had inflicted a mortal wound: the agonies of despair are pictured in his countenance, while the features of Rosalinda beam with mild equanimity. The lovers receive the rites of sepulture. Douza suffers them to be deposited in the same grave. He orders every individual to continue their vigilant exertions for the defence of the citadel, and himself examines with attentive eye every part of the fortifications.

Meanwhile Alva, whose assaults are intermitted only for the purpose of better preparing for a new attack from which he promises himself a sure triumph, sees Leiden each day resist him with undiminished obstinacy, and has to regret the loss of his most valiant warriors.

But at length, by his order, a wide cavity is hollowed out in the bosom of the earth, and filled with nitrous and sulphureous stores. Ye mortals! who murmur against nature for kindling volcanoes, your own destructive ingenuity multiplies

them: you penetrate into the bowels of the earth, and there prepare in darkness the most tremendous deaths.

On the ramparts above, perfect tranquillity reigns: but, under ground, the rage of war is let loose: the miners, and those who are employed in counteracting their dark machinations, meet in those subterraneous vaults, like fiends or ghosts, whose infernal conflicts would disturb the peaceful mansions of the dead. In their rage, the Spanish miners, devoting themselves to voluntary death, set fire to those artificial volcanoes, when suddenly the earth quakes around, torrents of flame burst forth from those gloomy caverns, whole ramparts are whirled aloft together with their defenders, and strike the clouds with their scattered fragments. The neighbouring graves are seen to yawn; and fancy beholds grim Death rushing forth from his dreary cave, brandishing his terrific scythe, reproaching mankind for disturbing those peaceful abodes which await them, and threatening at once to sweep away the whole human race to his dark domain.

Of the citizens of Leiden, some re-edify their prostrate ramparts, others fight on the fallen ruins. At the same instant Alva pours against them on every side a tempest of fire, and advances his most formidable engines. Shaken by the strong explosions of the subterraneous thunders, and of the blazing bombs which rise in the air with the ruins, the city totters from the summits of her towers to her lowest foundations: she is inundated with a shower of flame: she is shrouded with the shades of death: she can no longer be seen through the incumbent gloom: alone the loud crash of her falling edifices is heard at a distance: the flying bombs strike her remotest turrets: in vain have they resisted the ravages of time, to whose course they bear witness: together with the palaces and the temples, they tumble in the dust, and entire Leiden seems to sink into a bottomless abyss.

The genius of Liberty contemplated these calamities from the summit of a lofty tower, which, escaping the general wreck, and surrounded with scattered fragments, proudly reared its head to the clouds. Against it Alva has directed all his thunders: but it is protected by the impenetrable ægis of the goddess. Hence the Spaniards draw a gloomy presage; and Leiden considers the undemolished fabric as a striking image of William. The hope of safety, nevertheless, is gradually extinguished in the bosoms of all the inhabitants; and they meditate on the most expeditious means of burying themselves under the ruins of the citadel.

Heroic citizens! Alva, foreseeing your magnanimous resolution, has determined to prevent its execution, and deprive you of that glory: with the various perils to which you are exposed by the fury of his assaults, he combines the almost unavoidable dangers of a surprise. O Leiden! henceforth heaven alone must be the arbiter between the Spaniard and thee.

An aged hermit, who dwelt at the foot of a mountain, stimulated by fanaticism and avarice, repairs to the chief of the Spanish host. "At the extremity of the city," says he, "at a distance from those ramparts against which all your attacks are directed, stand the ruins of an ancient tower, situate on precipitous and inaccessible rocks, at whose foot flows a deep stream. For ages past, the origin and destination of that tower have been forgotten: but, preserved from accident by the rocks which are its foundation and support, it is now devoted to the purpose of containing

a store of powder and saltpetre. Nevertheless what that edifice conceals within its walls, may cause the destruction of the citadel which it seems to protect: it is a private passage hewn and conducted through the rocks—a passage, which, by numerous steps and long windings, leads in silence and darkness to the centre of a thick forest. Heaven has discovered to me that secret, which is unknown to the present generation."

On receiving this important intelligence, Alva considers Leiden as already conquered, and feasts his cruel soul with the anticipation of vengeance. By a most furious assault, he attracts all the citizens to the gates and the ramparts, while, under the guidance of the perfidious hermit, a chosen phalanx of his most determined soldiers, conducted by the most sanguinary of his chiefs, enter the secret subterraneous passage, and proceed to the tower which is to open them an entrance into Leiden.

With persevering toil, they had clambered up the steps half destroyed by the wasteful hand of Time, and were now closely approaching the top of the ruins.

Seated at the foot of the rocks, a company of children were enjoying the scanty repast which their attentive mothers had prepared for them, before they went out to join the warriors in the fight—when, suddenly rushing out in crowds from that drear abode, the birds of night announce by their screams and the beating of their wings, that their asylum has been violated. At first the children are seised with terror: but—so powerful is the example of virtue even on the weakest minds—so strong is the sacred flame of patriotism, innate in the bosom of the Batavian children—that, looking on the confusion and flight of those birds as indubitably portending some imminent danger which perhaps impends over the city, they fearlessly bound up on the ruins, which totter under their light footsteps—thence hear the confused voices of the soldiers, and the clang of their arms—and, now convinced of their approach, spring down to the ground—run to the warriors intrusted with the protection of that part of the rampart, and cry out to their chief—"The enemy! the enemy's at hand!"

Having instantly ascertained the truth of the report, the chief, the soldiers, and the children who are no doubt inspired by heaven, all cry out at the same moment—"Let us set fire to the powder!"—The troop separates; and, while the warriors with their swords and spears dig under the threshold of the door a channel convenient for their purpose, the children run to their habitations—snatch from the humble roof its covering of thatch—collect from the hearth some remaining sparks that glow concealed under the protection of the ashes—and, provided with these aids, eagerly haste to the most perilous enterprise.

The thatch and the fire are placed before the entrance of the tower: every one draws back, and prostrates himself on the ground: a number of pikes, fastened, end to end, in lengthening order, are thrust forward by the most daring of the number, and serve to introduce the blazing straw into the interior recess, which contains the powder; when, suddenly, with dire explosion, the rock, the tower, and the mangled corses of the hermit and the Spaniards, are whirled aloft in air; and the winds, by the immediate order of Heaven, carrying them toward the spot where Alva's army is engaged, they there fall to the ground, strew-

ing the plain with a frightful wreck, which is still further increased by the number of warriors whom they crush in their fall. These, Alva! are the messengers who announce to you the success of your enterprise.

As if entire Leiden had been torn from her foundations and tossed into the air, the combatants on the ramparts are seised with the most lively terror, which, however, is soon succeeded by transports of joy, when they learn that the city has suffered no further damage than the overthrow of a few houses, and that not one of her warriors or children has perished in that tremendous explosion, to which they stand indebted for their preservation. The warriors sing the praises of those children, who have triumphed over Alva: their fathers crown them with garlands, and their mothers press them to their bosoms.

But what tongue can describe the terror which pervades the Spanish host? Unable to divine the cause of these unexpected ravages, goaded by their fears, and alarmed by superstition, they are on the point of turning their backs in flight, when Alva, himself overwhelmed with consternation, yet wishing to prevent that completion of his disgrace, exclaims—"What! shall thy genius, Nassau! rising in opposition to me in every quarter, at length prove triumphant? No! there are other means still left, which shall soon put Leiden into my possession: and perhaps thou shalt not thyself escape the sword of vengeance!"

He pauses, and, with affected tranquillity in his countenance, himself in person conducts back his army within their lines. He hopes, that, without multiplying assaults, which have hitherto spread havoc and death through his own camp, and filled every city in Spain with ensabled mourners, the presence alone of his troops, with the consequent famine and calamities, will at length succeed in subduing those unconquered combatants.

The flowers of spring yet bloomed in the meads when Leiden saw her walls threatened: the heats of summer were now beginning to tinge with gold the ripening harvests; and as yet none of those supplies which furnish the sustenance of life, had been able to escape the vigilance of the besiegers, and make their way into the city.

At length, from the arid sands of Afric, hastens Famine — hideous fiend, who might be mistaken for Death, and who attends the steps of War.—"Go!" said the dæmon of battles, addressing her—"haste to alight within yon walls, and devour those who have escaped my sword."

He said; and, obedient to his command, the monster rushes into Leiden. There stalking from house to house, she displays her haggard visage—dries up with her withering breath the sources of plenty—feasts on numerous victims—and chills with terror the most intrepid bosoms. Soon, as if the monster were multiplied, the citizens are seen to wander about with languid step; and affrighted imagination conceives the city to be the dreary abode of death, inhabited by pale ghosts. To aggravate their calamity, busy recollection reminds them that elsewhere the hand of industry is now employed in gathering the fruits of the earth—represents to their fancy the chearful reaper sharpening his sickle, the rich crops falling before its edge, the joyous villagers binding up the fragrant sheaves, loading with them the rustic car, which groans under the ponderous burden, and conducting it in triumph to the barn, whose gate, though wide open to receive it, is too narrow to admit the piled-

upload, without the painful exertions of the husbandman to force it in.

To this picture succeeds the painful spectacle of their own calamities, whose number is increased by the presence of dire Contagion, more formidable than famine itself. Like another Briareus, she raises her hundred hands, and in each hand brandishes an enormous scythe: her breath is instant poison. Wherever she directs her withering steps, numerous victims fall around her: the living and the dead occupy the same abodes. If she yet prolong her stay but for a short time, there will not remain a sufficiency of inhabitants to bestow the funereal rites on their departed friends, and Leiden will be nought but one vast grave. Already the silence of death prevails in every quarter, uninterrupted, except by the adieux of the dying, and the mournful lamentations of the survivors.

(*To be continued.*)

Gratified, yet not Satisfied.

(*Continued from page* 326.)

"Well, Matilda!" said Maitland, when their visitors departed, "have you spent an agreeable evening? how do you like our new acquaintance?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied Mrs. Maitland, "I am afraid their society is even less desirable than solitude. The men seem to have no idea beyond a horse-race or a fox-hunt; and I am afraid of their drawing you in to be a partaker of their barbarous, dangerous sports; and they appear to make an idol of the bottle."

"Well, but the women? their conversation afforded you some pleasure, no doubt."

"Neither pleasure nor instruction, I can assure you.—I tried to draw them into conversation upon various topics; but it was in vain. I spoke of plays, and particularly adverted to the beauties of our immortal bard; but not one of them knew whom I meant; and when I enumerated his tragedies, Miss D*** recollected that she had seen *Hamlet.* I asked her opinion, and she unhesitatingly declared it was a most tiresome piece of stuff. The *man in black*, she said, had too much of his own way; and she had no patience to see him killing whoever he pleased. The mad girl, she said, was the only *funny* part, except the grave-digger, in his greasy red night-cap, who almost set her to sleep with his long speech. You may suppose this specimen of her taste and understanding was quite enough for me; yet this young lady has been *educated*, as they call it, in a very genteel manner.—I inquired of Mrs. T*** if she had read any thing new lately: she said she had not seen any thing newer than the *New Family Herbal*, which she would lend me, if I pleased: and when, in the course of conversation, I happened to mention having read an observation in Seneca's Morals, she very gravely asked me if that was a new novel."

"You have assuredly been unfortunate in your selection thus far," observed Maitland: "but I can hardly suppose that all our country ladies are so ignorant as those you have described, though I believe that the best informed among them, from want of means, more than deficiency of understanding, may not be able to converse upon subjects which early habits have rendered so familiar to you, and which girls in London, who perhaps can scarcely read or write, have a tolerably correct notion of; and indeed, Matilda, I think some blame may be attached to you for entering upon subjects which you could hardly expect them to be well acquainted with."

"I succeeded no better with the rest of the party, who entertained me with nothing but satirical observations on their neighbours, and knew, to a sixpence, what was the cost of every thing that they wore, and tired me with such frivolous details; that I was truly rejoiced when the hour of separation came."

"Then it seems you are not quite satisfied with this specimen of country society?"

"Satisfied! I am certain I could never endure it: how we shall pass a tedious winter, I know not."

"You will perhaps find amusement in our expected young stranger, Matilda."

"I hope I shall; and I assure you I look forward with impatience to the event. I shall want no society then. I have arranged my plans most delightfully; in fact, I have seen so much of other people's spoiled children, that I will take especial care no person shall have cause to complain of mine."

Matilda then intimated to her husband a wish that he would keep a chaise: the air was absolutely necessary for her health; and she wished to see something of the country. A chaise was accordingly purchased; but Mrs. Maitland, having read of innumerable accidents which had happened, suddenly grew so timid, that all the pleasure she had promised herself in those excursions, gave way to the fear of being overturned or thrown out.

The expected young stranger at length made his appearance; but Matilda most unhappily found the fatigue of nursing and attending him more than she was adequate to. The unexpected trouble and restraints it occasioned, rendered her peevish and querulous; she fancied that her child was not so good-tempered as other people's; to devote herself entirely to him was harassing to her spirits; yet, if she left him for an hour, she was uneasy, lest he should not be properly taken care of. As he grew up, she suffered his little faults to grow with him; for her sensibility was too great to admit of her correcting him, even when necessary; and the consequence was, that her child, instead of being better, was certainly worse behaved, than most others.

These repeated disappointments in her hopes and expectations materially affected the spirits and temper of Mrs. Maitland: she had, by reading and early indulgence, acquired a degree of false refinement, which led her to look for perfections that were not to be found. She fancied that she was more unfortunate than any one else, merely because the wished-for object, when attained, did not answer her sanguine expectations. She grew peevish and discontented with all the advantages she possessed, and not only made herself wretched, but totally destroyed the domestic comfort of a too indulgent husband. But the hour of repentance was at hand; and the ungrateful murmurs of a perverse mind were changed to the sincere regrets of an afflicted heart, when death robbed her of him whose life she had rendered comfortless by her idle repinings. At the age of twenty-six, Matilda was left a widow, with two helpless children, and a very scanty income; for Maitland's weak compliance with her innumerable caprices had materially reduced his finances; and her father having married again a young woman who appeared likely to bring him a numerous family, she could entertain little hope of any essential assistance from him. The heart-felt anguish she now endured, brought with it some wholesome reflexion; she contrasted

the comforts she had so recently thought lightly of, with the prospect before her: her children were to be supported by her own individual exertions; she was without friends, without resources; for she had fastidiously slighted those who might now have afforded her consolation and assistance, because their manners and habits did not exactly assimilate with her own. She saw the folly of that false refinement which had so grossly misled her: she had, as her father justly apprehended, neglected comfort, in search of felicity. She had with facility obtained her every wish, yet had never been truly happy in her mind. The recollection of blessings which she had so little regarded, now added to the weight of her real sorrows, and so deeply affected her, that she sunk beneath the oppressive weight, and, heart-broken, found an early grave —the victim, not of misfortune, but of mistaken ideas. Few, if any, have begun their career of life under more favorable auspices; few, if any, are so insensible to the real blessings they enjoy. If such there be, let them beware of similar ingratitude; and, instead of affixing the idea of happiness to the attainment of every idle wish, confine their wishes and expectations within the bounds of reason; and, in the active performance of their duties, as wives, mothers, and, above all, as Christians, place their dependence for happiness both here and hereafter. It is not the mere childish anxiety for transient gratifications that is in itself the evil; but trifles, we well know, lead to most important events; and the same discontented spirit, which murmurs at casual privations, will, by the force of habit, acquire so strong an ascendency, as to undermine the foundations of all the social virtues which form the surest basis of real and permanent happiness. E. T.

The AUTHOR'S PORTFOLIO.

(*Continued from page* 318.)

No. 3.

INTEGRITY *and* DUPLICITY.

An Allegory.

ON a rocky eminence, whose base was washed by the foaming ocean, stood the venerable remains of a once stately edifice, upon which the ruthless hand of Time had fallen with relentless grasp. All its boasted grandeur appeared now fast sinking to decay; yet it was still inhabited; and its present possessor, unwilling to relinquish a vestige of ancestorial magnificence, spared no expense to prop the tottering remains, and, if possible, preserve it from total demolition. It is true, the work of modern architects agreed but indifferently with the ancient structure, and gave to the gloomy pile an aukward imitation of modern elegance: yet the owner was better satisfied with the accommodation it afforded, than he would have been with a more convenient, if less ostentatious, abode.

The present proprietor of this domain was descended from an illustrious line of ancestors; his name was *Pride;* and, during the life-time of his first wife, *Liberality*, the castle was the seat of splendor, gaiety, and good cheer. The neighbours found a hospitable welcome within its walls: the surrounding peasantry were regaled at stated periods in the extensive pleasure-grounds; and the poor found immediate relief at its gates. But, on the demise of his beloved companion, Pride lost one whose advice and counsel had stimulated him to every praise-worthy action; he grew peevish and misanthropic, and, shutting up the portals of his stately mansion, wandered into foreign parts, in search of happiness, which it was not his lot to find.

Seeking to lose the remembrance of a regretted object, and shut out painful reflexion, he emerged from

the gloom which for a time obscured all his faculties, into the extreme of dissipation, till at length, tired and disgusted with scenes so uncongenial to his former dignified habits, and anxious once more to experience domestic comfort, he determined to make a second choice, and imprudently fixed on a female named *Plausibility*, whose charms had captivated him at a public assembly, but of whose mental endowments he had no knowledge whatever.

One infant son, borne to him by his former amiable partner, he had left under the superintendance of a careful nurse; and, on his marriage with *Plausibility*, he submitted to her decision whether his son *Integrity* should become her charge, or, for a few years longer, remain where he had placed him: not but that it was his wish to have the boy home, although he was somewhat fearful that his youthful bride might consider him as an incumbrance, that she would rather dispense with.

Whatever might be the real sentiments of *Plausibility*, she affected to feel the most lively interest in the sweet babe, declaring that she was certain she should love him as tenderly as if he were her own; and positively insisted on his being brought immediately to the castle—a mandate most agreeable to an affectionate father.

Little *Integrity* was accordingly introduced to his stepmother, who was lavish of her caresses; and, as his appearance was extremely prepossessing, and his temper the sweetest imaginable, *Plausibility* found no cause to be dissatisfied with the charge she had undertaken.

In due time, however, she announced to her husband that she expected to present him with a new claimant on his affection; but, in the same breath, she assured him that her attachment to his first-born should suffer no diminution by the event; a resolution, which she scrupulously adhered to for several months after the birth of a promising boy, who was named *Duplicity*.

The children grew up together; and for some time the utmost harmony subsisted between them. But, as they attained the age when the youthful ideas expand, and the power of discrimination is evident, there was such a manifest contrariety in their dispositions, that their anxious father plainly foresaw they could not continue much longer in a state of perfect amity.

The elder was affable, frank, and engaging, but of a steady and somewhat stubborn nature; open to the conviction of error, and generous in acknowledging a fault, yet impatient under unmerited reprehension, and warm in resenting insult or injury.

The younger, on the contrary, was peevish, humoursome, and artful; he could smile when he was bitterly displeased, and would seek a secret opportunity to be revenged. He flattered and coaxed any person, to obtain what he desired; and, if he committed a fault, would have recourse to the meanest subterfuge to conceal it, or avoid the chastisement he deserved; and he succeeded so effectually in screening his errors from a partial mother's eye, that she imagined him all perfection. If any thing was done amiss, *Duplicity*, who was too great a coward to accuse his brother openly, would fly to his mother's arms, sob piteously, and hide his face in her bosom; and, when urged to reveal what afflicted him, would pretend he was not well, or had hurt himself; upon which, his mother immediately forgot the cause of anger, and fondled him, as if nothing had been done to deserve reproof. Sometimes he would

pinch or bite himself, and, showing the marks, assert that his brother had done it; then, with tears in his eyes, entreat his parents not to beat him for it, or say any thing of the matter. In consequence of this artful misrepresentation, *Plausibility*, though she sometimes guessed the truth, pretended to believe the report he made, and aggravated the affair so greatly, that she ultimately succeeded in alienating the affection of her husband from his first-born son, whom she represented as a surly, savage-tempered boy.

Integrity soon discovered that he was not so dear to his father as formerly, but without knowing the cause, which was concealed too successfully for his unsuspicious mind to penetrate. His spirits sunk beneath unjust oppression and unprovoked harshness; and, whenever his parents treated him with more than ordinary unkindness, he flew for solace to the cottage of his nurse, *Simplicity*, who, delighted with his confidence, soothed and comforted him into forgetfulness of his childish sorrows; while her husband, *Humility*, an honest hard-working peasant, would exhort him to bear his wrongs patiently, and, in his plain unvarnished language, give him as salutary lessons as the most enlightened preceptor could have done, which in fact made a deeper impression on the youthful auditor, than a more studied and elaborate harangue, which might have sounded well to his ear, but perhaps never have reached his heart.

These worthy cottagers had one blooming daughter, called *Innocence;* and, during the period of childhood, *Integrity* loved her as a sister; but, as he approached to man's estate, his sentiments almost imperceptibly changed to feelings of a more decided and fervent nature; and, as the progress of his education enabled him to define with more precision the real cause of the emotion he now experienced, he decided that all the love he had read of must be slight in comparison with what he felt for the lovely companion of his happiest hours. For some time after this sagacious discovery, he was pensive and dejected; but the native ingenuousness of his mind rendered concealment impossible; and he no sooner ascertained that the artless maid felt a reciprocal attachment, than he hastened to his father, and declared to him the real state of his heart.

Pride heard him with a clouded brow; and, when he concluded his energetic appeal, sternly refused to sanction such a degrading choice. " Unhappy, degenerate boy," said he—" I am now convinced of what I would have willingly disbelieved: your mother's prediction is too truly verified: you will disgrace the noble race from which you sprung! Quit my sight, until you can return with sentiments more worthy of yourself and your illustrious ancestors."

Integrity endeavoured to expostulate: he painted in animated terms the charms and virtues of his mistress; but *Pride* was deaf to any appeal of the kind, and spurned him from him with unrelenting severity.

Integrity was grieved.—To suppress or conquer his passion he would not attempt; the object was worthy; and he was conscious that not even a father's prohibition could counteract the impulse of his heart. But he would not rebel against a parent's authority, by uniting himself with one whom he so peremptorily rejected; and, afflicting as the alternative was, he determined on resigning the object of his affection, in preference to the breach of a duty enjoined by the Most High.

Seeking the beauteous maid, he confessed to her, that imperious duty

compelled him to resign all his fondest wishes, assured her that she would ever be dear to him as at the present moment; but that, until he could obtain his father's consent, or was by the course of nature left the independent master of his own actions, he must see her no more. "Of the former" said he, "I confess I cannot flatter myself with any expectation; and, with regard to the latter event, I have never (Heaven is my judge) been so impious as to harbour a wish"…….

The mild blue eyes of *Innocence* filled with tears as he spoke. "Must it be so then?" she ejaculated, as she yielded to a parting embrace. "My father told me I was too presumptuous; but my mother too unguardedly flattered my hopes; and I too credulously yielded my better judgement to the delusive idea. Yet think not I ever aspired to the grandeur your rank in life might raise me to: your society, your protection, your love, was all I sought; and now, wretched girl that I am, I must lose all. But do not say we must part for ever. As a brother, you may surely visit me still: we may be happy in friendship; and, when you lead to the altar a wealthy fair one, it will be then soon enough to endeavour to forget you."

"Talk not thus, my beloved!" exclaimed *Integrity*, pressing her to his heart. "My only safety is in flight: I must quit you: I must quit the spot which holds you. I will entreat my father's permission to travel, which he will readily grant; for I know I am not wanted at home. I will seek, by my exertions, an honest independence; and, when I voluntarily resign my birth-right to my brother, my father will no longer attempt to controul my actions. Farewell, dear maid! yet believe me faithful to love and thee."

Innocence lingered on the threshold, and, with the anguish of despair, beheld her lover departing. Still he turned for another and another look; at last the thick spreading foliage of the surrounding trees screened him from her sight; and she sunk fainting into her mother's arms.

(*To be continued.*)

On Riches.

How few there are that covet riches, who ever think of the awful responsibility which is attached to them! How few, who are in the possession of wealth, consider it as a talent entrusted to their care, for the non-improvement of which they must give a strict account! What a mistaken notion mankind indulge, when they esteem affluence and happiness as synonymous terms, without once reflecting how inefficient they are in themselves to cure either mental or bodily infirmity, "to minister to a mind diseased," tortured by the scorpion sting of conscience—or to reanimate the expiring spark of existence, and snatch a devoted victim from the icy grasp of the king of terrors! That riches are not held in any estimation by Heaven, may be fairly inferred from its seldom bestowing them on its greatest favorites. Prosperity might prove to them a fatal snare, while their virtues would shine more conspicuous in the dark scenes of adversity.

> "Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
> Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
> As night to stars, woe lustre adds to man." *Young.*

Those, who people the humble vale of life, would do wisely to reflect how small an addition to the happiness is in the power of wealth. Were a peasant elevated from a cot to a palace, from the dull haunts of obscurity, to the brilliant scenes of

opulence—dazzled by the splendor, he would view them with averted eye: his mind would sicken at pleasures for which he felt no relish; and he would sigh for his happy poverty, and flowery solitudes. I have somewhere read of a wealthy man, who bestowed a large sum of money on a poor man, who, for two nights after, was so troubled with the care how to preserve his newly acquired wealth, or how to employ it, that he could not sleep; and at length carried it back to the donor, saying, it was not worth the uneasiness and anxiety it had already cost him.

By the avidity with which wealth is sought after by some, and anxiously wished for by others, an unexperienced observer might be led to conjecture that it constituted the chief happiness of human life; and that it possessed a kind of magic influence, at whose talismanic touch disease would vanish, and health appear with all her sylphic train, to strew life's path with unfading flowers. But, ask the votary of wealth, who has arrived at the point to which all his views were directed, and where all his hopes were centred—ask him, if he has gained that supreme satisfaction, with which the golden dreams of fancy were wont to tantalise his mind.—"Ah! no!" he would exclaim—"I am not happy:—I feel a vacuum within, which all the treasures that slumber in Peruvian mountains could not fill. I find, I feel, by unpleasing experience, that all the wealth of worlds, and all the honors that earth's proudest potentates could bestow, cannot satisfy the cravings of the immortal soul. I am not happy.—Oft, in pensive mood, I look down from my golden eminence, and envy the contented sons of poverty, who traverse the lowly vale beneath.—Compared with mine, their lot is truly enviable: their days, enlivened by industry, glide smoothly on: their nights also are free from anxious disquietude. Sleep befriends the toil-worn peasant, while my seasons of rest are pregnant with anxiety and solicitude; for, oft, when the god of sleep holds his soft dominion o'er my senses, fancy, fertile in creating ungrateful appearances, with more than magic effect exhibits to my view the robber armed with a poignard, ready to deprive me of both property and life."

To prove that riches will profit nothing toward promoting happiness, the moralist has written, and the preacher expostulated.—Fuller, in his "Holy State," thus quaintly observes—"Worldly riches, like nuts, tear many clothes in getting them, spoil many teeth in cracking them, but fill no belly in eating them." And Brookes, an old non-conformist minister, says, in much the same style—"You may as soon fill a bag with wisdom, a chest with virtue, or a circle with a triangle, as satisfy the heart of man with riches."

But all that has been advanced to depreciate wealth, appears to have failed of the desired effect; still the golden idol displays a fascinating charm, and gains at least an equal number of votaries, who are all ready to exclaim with the poet—

"Immortal Plutus! god of golden ease!
Form'd, ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye to please!
For thee Content her downy carpet spreads,
And rosy Pleasure swells her genial beds.
'Tis thine to gild the mansions of Despair,
And beam a glory round the brows of Care;
To cheat the lazy pace of sleepless hours
With marble fountains, and ambrosial bow'rs."
Langhorne.

I once knew an old gentleman, whose ruling passion was the love of gold, which, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up every other; and absorbed

every praise-worthy sentiment in its gloomy vortex. He was a bachelor: no tender mate warmed with love's benign influence his cold affections: no children, by their soft caresses, caused his contracted bosom to dilate, or his insensate heart to vibrate. His nearest connexions were far from being welcome at his penurious board: old English hospitality was banished from his sordid abode; nor were any modern refinements introduced to balance the loss: his residence resembled, in some respects, that old mansion described by Pope—

"Like some lone Chartreuse, stands the good old hall;
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat."

Wrapped, like a tortoise in his shell, this disciple of Mammon lived only for himself; his supreme gratification being that of adding to his golden heap. No orphan, cherished by his bounty, shed the tear of gratitude; nor was the widow's tongue ever heard to invoke a blessing on his head. Thus unloving and unloved, old age advanced upon him, and with it a train of infirmities: but, when acute disease, the harbinger of death, assailed him, he evidenced, by his demeanour, extreme impatience under the afflictive dispensation of heaven; and, as he lived regardless of the practice, he died without the consolation of religion; and, when he descended to the grave, no bosom heaved a sympathetic sigh, no eye distilled a dewy tear.

"Riches," says Armstrong "are oft by guilt and baseness earned;" and it wants but little knowledge of the world, to subscribe to this position. The conduct of many characters seems to countenance the idea, that they had adopted these two lines for their motto—

. . . . "Get money, money still;
And then let Virtue follow, if she will."

To attain the desired object, truth is violated, character compromised, and honesty sacrificed to low cunning and mean artifice.—The professing world is divided into a multiplicity of sects: but all, whether Christian, Turk, or Jew, agree in worshipping the "god of their idolatry," gold. Oft the preacher is heard to declaim against avarice: but who more tenacious of his dues? And the poet too oft has been employed in burlesquing and hanging up to ridicule the penurious man, while he was starving in a garret, and when the loan of a "splendid shilling" would have been considered as a desirable acquisition.—But there are some, who, in their pursuit of riches, will not stoop to wear the mask of dissimulation. Full oft the lover leaves the object of his supreme regard, from whom he has met with a reciprocal return, to offer up the incense of his mercenary flattery to some fair idol, whose prominent recommendation is a large fortune.

"The modern lover grasps his fair one's hand,
O'erlooks her person, and adores her land;
Leers on her houses with an ogling eye,
O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh,
His heart-felt pangs through groves of timber vents,
And runs distracted for her three per cents." *Fitzpatrick.*

Thus, regardless of the happiness of the maid he has forsaken, and trifling with his own—prompted by sordid motives, he leads the devoted victim to the temple of Hymen; but finds,

alas! ere one short month has elapsed, that wealth and splendor are but poor substitutes for mutual love and connubial bliss.

But hitherto I have expatiated on the abuse of riches: before I close these desultory observations, I will speak of their use. Wealth, in the hands of a benevolent man, is a blessing; and he feels a degree of blessedness in mitigating the wants of the necessitous.—The mind of such a benefactor to society may be justly compared to a fertilising stream, that waters the flower-enamelled meadow, cherishing and invigorating every flower that blossoms on its margin. While, for so many years, the Fury passions of mankind, having let slip "the dogs of war," have been dying the green scenery of nature with carnage; what a mental feast, infinitely superior to the low luxuries of the table, to behold the man of charitable feelings, whose employment is doing good, satisfying the cravings of hunger, clothing the shivering limbs, and lessening the sum total of human misery! In the female character, charity, or, as Shakspeare says, "the shaking off the superflux" to the needy wretch, is an exalted trait. Zephyrinda, in this transcendent virtue, is a pattern for her sex. How shall I depict the interesting fair one?

> "Shall I bid glories beam around her brow,
> Or mark her footsteps by the rising flowers?"

No: simple prose shall attempt an outline. Zephyrinda, instead of being fascinated by the alluring charms of dress, or employed in adding superior graces to her personal attractions, is sedulously engaged in the divine employment of visiting the sick, and administering cordials to the debilitated frame.—Her needle is not suffered to rust, but is worn bright, in preparing linen for poor destitute families, and metamorphosing a scene of rags and wretchedness, to one of cleanliness and comfort. May she long be spared to walk this vale of tears, like a ministering angel diffusing a beam of gladness around her; and may every fair reader, as far as it is possible, imitate the example of Zephyrinda. John Webb.

Haverhill, July 29, 1814.

Hope *and* Fear.

The sensations of mankind depend very much upon the way in which Hope and Fear happen to act on them. At one time, man is sunk in the deepest gloom, when Fear has laid her chilly hand upon him; every prospect wears a sombre appearance, unknown to it when gayer moments smiled on him. At another, although surrounded with grief and misfortunes, the fairy finger of Hope points to scenes of futurity, in which the brightest tints of joy are visible; and man forgets his present trouble, being glad to be rid of it, although he only gains a shadow to rest upon.

The fearful man, above all others, buys his safety the dearest; but he is, in consequence, the securest of men. His perpetual anticipations of disaster, and forebodings of danger, keep him in a state of anxiety, very far from enviable; but these anxieties are a sort of tax which he chooses to pay, as the price of security; for it must be confessed that such a man incurs but little or no real danger. If it could be ascertained, it would be proper to know the depth of alarm which the fearful man feels: otherwise we can form but a very feeble conjecture, as to the advantages or disadvantages he experiences. Some men are so much cowards by nature, that they are perpetually apprehending dangers, which perhaps can never happen to them,

and who are surrounding themselves with cautions innumerable, but who nevertheless feel more alarmed in proportion to the precautions they have taken, as if the very circumstance of being guarded made them more liable to danger. This is more a disease than any thing else. Such men go a step beyond those who are only commonly fearful; and to such it may be said, in the words of Hurdis,

> "I much admire, we ever should complain
> That life is sharp and painful, when ourselves
> Create the better half of all our woe.
> Who pain anticipates, that pain feels twice,
> And often feels in vain."

What is usually called fear, may, in many instances, be called caution only; and if a man only uses it in such a way as to protect himself from those dangers which really threaten him, and does not allow them absolutely to prey upon him, or rather does not create imaginary troubles himself; then the pain he may experience from his apprehensions, will very probably be more than compensated by the greater degree of safety he will enjoy than other men. We are, all of us, aware, or ought to be, that we are in the very centre of danger. This is a truth which hardly any one can deny. It is equally true that much of the trouble that threatens us, may be prevented by caution; and it would be hard indeed that a timid man should be censured for that timidity which may ensure his own happiness. Fear is not a fault, while it is kept within proper bounds; but, like every thing else, if indulged in to an extraordinary degree, it destroys even the ease and tranquillity which it seeks to create. Hope, though the opposite of Fear, may be carried to excess; and, notwithstanding it has been called

> "a precious balm,
> Which makes the tooth of sorrow venomless;"

it may still, from its very excess, become a sort of bane; yet who is there, that would give up the pleasures of Hope, through any fear of its excess? There are many, morose beings, who shut out Hope from their own bosoms, and, having done so, choose to doubt its beneficial effects upon every other. By such it is described as being the father of misery and misfortune; as promising much, and performing nothing; so say the melancholy, who would fain persuade mankind, that Providence, instead of contriving every thing for the benefit and good of his creatures, had perverted every blessing, and entailed nothing but distress upon them. What a wretched idea! Can it for an instant be imagined that a beneficent Creator would implant in the mind of his creature a sort of inherent idea, which taught him, in the midst of distress and despair, to hope for better days; and that such an idea was a mere delusion? Certainly not. "He gave us all the means of good; he threw open before us every avenue to happiness; he not only assured it to us at its proper time, but he gave us the additional circumstance, the anticipation of it by Hope."

It is only when men are too sanguine, that Hope can be eventually more a curse than a blessing; and those who would persuade us that it is but a deceptious fallacy, would reduce us to a level with the horse or the ox, who know not the freshness of the stream, or the sweetness of the grass, till they are driven to enjoy and to taste them. God has given nothing in vain, nothing that is bad: he has not confined man to the mere enjoyment of his sensual powers; he has given him reason to

distinguish right from wrong, and a power of looking forward, and anticipating the events of futurity; which power has implanted Hope strongly in the breast of almost every one: and

> "A medicine it is, which with a touch
> Heals all the pains of life."

That the ancients thought so, is evident from the fable of Pandora and her box, from which the superstitious of that age deemed all the plagues and evils to issue which the Gods they worshipped had been supposed to inflict on mankind; but, to make life tolerable, and indeed as a type of a glorious hereafter, Hope was represented as being at the bottom of the box. Were it only for the delights which Hope gives us in the anticipation of any pleasure, we should be loth to give it up; for the delights of Hope in this way are without bounds; indeed much greater than ever the reality of the pleasure so anticipated would produce. In the too great indulgence of Hope in this way is its only danger. Looking, then, at the two inhabitants of the breast, Hope and Fear, let us take care not to let the one carry us beyond ourselves in anticipating joy; and to prevent the other, by its opposite effects, from producing so much timidity in the anticipation of ill, as to sink us below the level of mankind; and we shall still find that this life has enough of good in it to render our sojourn here more joyful than miserable. J. M. LACEY.

The ADOPTED CHILD.

(*Continued from page* 322.)

"I CANNOT sufficiently acknowledge," said Lord Delafonte, "the gratitude I feel to you for having procured me the happiness I have experienced for these several days past.—What a woman is Mrs. Mervil! My uncle shall do her justice—or I will perish in the attempt to obtain it for her. I have written to her son, and desired he would come to me, if possible, at Hargrave Place—(it is only six miles hence; and you will have an opportunity of resuming your acquaintance with him.) If he cannot leave his regiment, I am determined to go to him. I can never atone for the seeming negligence of my conduct towards him, and his family. As for Frances, Thomson's Lavinia can alone portray her:—with Palæmon, I could have said,

> 'Oh! let me now into a richer soil
> Transplant thee safe, where vernal suns and show'rs
> Diffuse their warmest, largest influence.'

Never did I behold innocence and beauty blended with such chaste vivacity. You alone, my dear Lady Mervil, can bear any comparison to her.—The ladies of the present age rely too much on the power of their charms; they assail us with a battery of beauty; but they neglect the necessary manœuvres to secure their conquest. They thunder upon us the artillery of their eyes, seise the vanquished captive, encircle him with chains—release him in a moment of caprice—and leave him, deserted and forlorn, to curse the whimsicality of his fortune."

Marina was going to reply, when the sound of footsteps made her turn her head, and she beheld her evil genius, in the figure of Macduff, perched at her elbow.

"I have business of a particular nature," said Delafonte, "to discuss with Lady Mervil; and we can dispense with your Lordship's attendance."

"*I also* have business with Lady Marina," replied Macduff "more important, I should imagine, than

your Lordship's; and I have likewise the happiness to claim a privileged right to her conversation."

"Right!" echoed Lord Delafonte haughtily—"and pray, Sir, may I ask, upon what imaginary tenure you hold this presumed right?"

"From her father's authority."

"A parent possesses no authority in these cases: the freedom of conversation can be sanctioned only by the will of the parties."

"I presume," answered Macduff with a triumphant sneer—"her Ladyship will not deny that I hold my presumptuous privilege from this authority also."

Marina blushed confirmation—and Lord Delafonte, with a grave bow, took his leave.—Lady Mervil's distress could not any longer be restrained:—she burst into tears.—Lord Macduff endeavoured to sooth her: he attempted to press her hand to his lips: his arm already encircled her waist. She disengaged herself from him with frowning indignation, and fled to her dressing-room, where she threw herself on the couch, and gave a loose to her sorrows.—Unhappy Marina! your feelings at this moment were far less poignant than those which you were yet doomed to suffer.

The arrival of Sir William Manby and his family obliged her to make her appearance in the drawing-room; but her swoln eye-lids, and dejected aspect, ill accorded with the festivity which they came to celebrate.

The Marquis, as he presented her to Sir William, was too much occupied by his own sensations, to remark hers.

Sir William, in a formal speech, welcomed her to his family—the greeting of Lady Manby was more cordial; but the warmth of Caroline's embrace awakened the glow of sympathy in the aking heart of Marina. She smiled through the lucid shower which streamed from her weary eyes, and bade her welcome to that friendship which had ever cherished her idea with fond regard.

Mrs. Manby, with Lady Delafonte, last advanced. The unmeaning simper of her Ladyship, as she softly articulated, "I hope I see your Ladyship well," was strikingly contrasted by the friendly accost of her amiable brother.

The ceremony of introduction being happily over, Marina saw her father draw Sir William aside, and introduce him with a long preface (in whisper) to Lord Macduff—the import of which her agonised mind too fatally prognosticated. She sickened at the thought, and hastily retired to a window on which Lord Delafonte reclined, as if wholly uninterested in the passing scene. As *she* approached, *he* withdrew, and placed himself near his Lady, who, with affected languor, was deploring the fatigue of travelling in the vile heat of July.

Miss Manby joined Marina, and, by her affectionate solicitude, strove to erase the unaccountable melancholy which visibly enveloped her; but her efforts were attended with little success: the day, on the part of Marina, passed in painful restraint; and on the following morning the splendid preparations she every where beheld for the evening *fête*, though they excited her gratitude to the Marchioness, could not diminish her secret grief.

The park exhibited a scene of ancient hospitality; every gratification which liberality could devise, was profusely provided for the multitudinous crowd of peasants assembled on this occasion.

"Next to rendering my friends happy, I know of no higher satisfaction," would the Marchioness often say,

" than that of beholding the honest industrious poor enjoy the blessings of a bounteous holiday."

The benevolent spirit of the Marchioness diffused its benign influence far beyond the boundaries of her own domain. Every cottage door, for many extended miles, was on this day closed; and its humble tenants repaired to partake of the festival at Ormville Park. Selfish indeed must that mortal be, who cannot for a while divest himself of his cares, and enjoy the happiness administered, by his means, to his fellow creatures.

As Marina, from her window, beheld the happy group, she resolved to evince her gratitude to the Marchioness, by the semblance at least of tranquillity.

Every decoration, which elegant fancy could contrive, adorned the lower apartments of this spacious mansion: and the numerous company, when assembled, seemed, by the splendor of their attire, to have emulously strove to vie in magnificence with the donor of the *fête*. If Marina had considered Sir William Manby's gala as the most elegant entertainment she had ever seen, how much must her astonishment be excited by the superb grandeur which on every side surrounded her; while the whole was conducted with such ease and regularity, that the guests might have fancied themselves in the palace of royalty.

Lord Delafonte danced with Lady Mervil; but the ease and affability of his conversation was totally gone: he was respectfully distant, and, early in the evening, resigned her hand to the importunity of Mr. Manby, who unrestrainedly acknowledged the admiration he felt. But Marina had no vanity to gratify; her heart sought affinity only in virtuous friendship; and every mind, adorned with that requisite, found regard from her.

The numerous assembly retired, extolling the taste of the generous Marchioness; and Marina sought on her pillow a short respite from pain. —It was late when she joined the breakfast-party the next morning. She beheld with astonishment every countenance big with expectation; and she took her seat with an anxiety equal to theirs. In a few moments the Marquis began—

" As the sole surviving relations of the late Lady Darnley, Marina's mother, are here assembled, I think it proper to inform them of the choice she has made. Though to me only she is accountable for her actions, yet I know that the respect which she feels for the Marchioness, and her mother's family, makes her desirous of obtaining their approbation of her choice—a choice, which my friendship for the gentleman renders particularly agreeable to me; and, as her public appearance cannot be otherwise ascertained than it has been, till our removal to town, I would wish the marriage to take place before I have the misfortune to lose the society by which I have the honor to be surrounded. Mr. Montague already has given me the pleasure of hearing him approve my destined son-in-law: Sir William Manby also unites his consent; and I flatter myself that both the Marchioness and Lord Delafonte will make me happy by their approbation." The Marquis stopped.

Every tongue was silent. Marina's countenance became a deadly pale: the quivering denial hung on her trembling lip: she raised her eyes in silent agony to heaven. No relief was nigh.

The Marchioness surveyed her with a penetrating look; and, " Who

is this unexceptionable son-in-law," said she, "whom you would present to us? Throughout the extended circle of our acquaintance, there is only *one* that you could propose, whom I should not approve; and *that one*, I am positive, will never be the choice of Lady Marina."

"It is Lord Macduff," said the Marquis, without suffering her to proceed.

The pride of offended dignity now flashed from the eyes of the Marchioness: she cast a look of the most contemptuous scorn on the marquis and Macduff, while the acrimony of her feelings vented itself in the following words—

"I cannot suppose," said she, addressing herself to the Marquis, "that your lordship means to insult me, because it would, in the end, infallibly recoil upon yourself. I have never endeavoured to conceal my opinion of your friend. The magic wand of hypocrisy, which he has so successfully waved over your judgement, I have strenuously sought to remove: my prejudices have not been the offspring of unreasonable aversion: my dislike has originated from the avowed depravity of his own heart. How your lordship can reconcile a union of virtue and vice, I know not. The purity of your daughter's mind, as it is superior to contamination, can never be corrupted by his; but can you ever persuade me, that, if she had followed the dictates of her own inclination, she would have chosen, as a partner for life, such a man as Macduff? It is impossible! Force alone—the utmost stretch of arbitrary power—can alone have extorted her consent. It is inhumanity in the extreme: it is barbarous to work on the feelings of a timid girl, to oblige her to become the instrument of some sordid design, which, I doubt not, if fully explained, would cover you and your insidious abettor with shame and confusion."

The countenance of the marquis became distorted with rage; and, rising from his seat, he called upon Marina in a furious tone, to exculpate him from the charge of extorting her consent. "Remember," said he, with a look that pierced her soul, "your mother's honor calls aloud from the grave for your defence. Remember the hour in which you voluntarily offered to become the wife of Macduff."

Marina rose. The image of her mother filled her mind: it was the decided moment of filial enthusiasm. With the energy of a dying saint, she sunk at his feet.—"How have I deserved your unjust anger?—Your daughter lives only to perform her promise: but, when the sacrifice bleeds at the altar, let the mist be dispelled which now surrounds her—restore her to the alienated friendship of the marchioness—Oh! deprecate her anger, while I declare that no force was necessary—no persuasions used to extort my consent—the sacrifice is voluntary; without it, I were a wretch indeed."

Mrs. Montague, who alone knew the heroic motive which actuated the conduct of the wretched Marina, but who, before Marina would consent to reveal it to her, had bound herself by a solemn oath never to divulge it—could not, at this moment, restrain her emotion. With a deep groan, she exclaimed, "Poor Marina!" and sunk into the arms of her husband.

The bosom of the Marquis was torn by conflicting passions; but pride gained the victory; and, stifling the feelings of remorse, he attempted, with expressions of affection, to raise his daughter: but the glaring stupor of her eye, and the livid appearance of her cheek, too

evidently proclaimed that she was not any longer sensible of his kindness.—Lord Delafonte flew to support her—and soon, with the assistance of Mr. Manby, conveyed her to her chamber.

She breathed; and that was the only symptom of animation which she betrayed during the remainder of that day.—The next morning, the sanguine hopes of the physician were realised by restoration: but she was still languid, though perfectly composed: and, when her father came to visit her, she desired to be left alone with him.

As he contemplated the angelic sweetness of her pallid face, his heart was smitten with transient contrition;—he sunk on his knees by the bed-side; and pressing her clay-cold hand to his trembling lips, he implored her to live—or she would destroy him. "Marina!" said he, "could you behold the struggle I endure, you would compassionate your seemingly cruel father. My honor, dearer than my existence, depends on your marriage with Macduff; my inevitable ruin would be the consequence of your refusal.—You told me, if I would restore your mother's fame, you would become his wife: her fame is restored; yet you shrink from the contract!—I may be won by your compliance: but, if you hesitate—if you refuse—your mother's character sinks again to oblivion.—It is still in my power to render your claim invalid.—I married her, it is true; but I married her in France; and no law can oblige me to legalise her claim.—Though shame, despair, remorse, and misery, should be the consequence—I will even now disavow your legal title, unless you comply with my wishes: and" (said he, with recovered sternness) "that inflexibility, which could steel my bosom to the woman I adored, shall render me callous to the sufferings of her daughter. Your feminine weakness makes you unworthy of my regard:—either be unreluctantly firm, or renounce your father."—Here he paused, and seemed, with visible agitation, to expect her answer.

Marina, with all the fortitude her enervated state would admit, raised herself from her pillow—and thus replied—"My lord, you are little acquainted with the spirit of your daughter.—Lord Macduff I abhor—yet it is not himself, but his principles, that I detest: my union with him must be endless wretchedness: yet believe me, my lord, I have never for a moment hesitated between my own happiness and my mother's fame.—Shall I neglect her dying injunctions? Heaven forbid!—I have (however great my antipathy) never hesitated: and you shall acknowledge, that, though the victim of her wrongs may in secret weep tears of blood, she never publicly shrunk from the sacrifice she offered.—I am ready to marry Lord Macduff whenever you please: and the sooner, the better."

The Marquis was delighted:—he embraced her with fervor, calling her his "angelic child"—and swearing by all that was sacred, there was not any thing she could ask, which he would not grant.

A faint smile illumined her cheek.—"There is only one favor," she answered, "which you can bestow, that would in any degree compensate for all I have suffered."

"Name it," he cried: "and by Heaven I swear to grant it."

The Marchioness at this moment entered: he repeated to her what he had just uttered; and Marina requested she would remember to witness it.—Again he swore: and once more kissing her—perceiving

she was faint with the exertion she had made, he withdrew.

From this hour, Marina recovered; —the preparations for her marriage were hurried on with eager haste: at length every thing was ready; and the day was fixed for the awful ceremony of tying the indissoluble knot.

(*To be continued.*)

On YOUTH.

"Sweet Youth! sweet smiling nymph, divinely fair!
Source of all joy, and foe to ev'ry care!
With whom, full many a summer's sunny morn,
While yet the dew-drop glitter'd on the thorn,
I've sought the cliff, or, in the flow'ry vale,
Imbib'd the fragrance of the ev'ning gale.
Fair fugitive, whose eye of heav'nly blue
And rosy cheek no longer bless my view;
Whose lov'd idea, which can never fly,
Wakes the fond wish, and heaves the fruitless sigh. *Hartson.*

THUS Hartson apostrophised youth; memory painted to him the early hours of life even fairer than they had been; and yet who is there that does not look back on his youthful moments with a sensation of delight, mingled perhaps with sadness? Youth is a period when the heart is open to every joyous impression; the blood is then warm; and the passions are high, and but too likely to lead into situations of danger, even by the path of pleasure; therefore should young persons guard themselves against temptations by every possible means; for, though its innocent pleasures will be a source of delight to the memory in a later period of life, pleasures of a vicious kind, and which youth is but too apt to be led into, will be a source of much posterior regret. Every prospect that we take of life at this period, appears in colors which it will never afterwards wear; a thousand schemes start forth from the imagination of youth, all dressed in the garb of certainty and success; the mind is absolutely run away with by them; and if, from the want of success, they afterwards occasion much uneasiness, that uneasiness should not be altogether attributed to the nature of the thing undertaken, but to the extravagant eagerness with which it was begun. Yet is there much pleasure in the pursuit even of extravagant objects, in youth; for, alas! very many things in this state of existence are only delightful in the expectation. Hope leads us on in early life: our imagination pictures every object fairer than its possession would prove it to be: and, even when an object is missed, the sanguine ideas of youth can in a moment find other objects and pursuits, every one of which promises as fairly, as that which has been lost.

"Blest ignorance, to partial views confin'd!
Where sight would injure, who would not be blind?
Young is the sense, enjoyment in its spring,
Hope yet unbroken, fancy on the wing;
The jest, the easy laugh, the wanton wile,
And antick trick which mocks with harmless guile—
These are the sweets, their youthful morn bestows,
The blooming flush of health, and sound repose.
Thrice happy, whom no greater cares employ,
Than for to-morrow's sure-returning joy!"

From the hours of childhood, and of quitting school, till we arrive at the years of maturity, there is but little that can happen, to trouble us long. True it is, that youth is not exempt from pains and troubles, any more than advanced life: but it feels them not so heavily, or for such a length of time. Youth is enamoured of every thing that is beautiful,

"Nor dreams that beauty blossoms but to fade."

Let but a few years pass over his head; and he begins seriously to think and to feel that all is not so gay and so happy as his fancy had pictured it. Death frightened him not, while he only carried off those who were his elders; for, though it has been said, that

"All men think all men mortal but themselves"—

still it must be allowed, that, when he becomes busy with our own coëvals, with persons whose habits of life and feelings we have been intimate with, then the reflexion must come home with tenfold strength to our own bosoms; and perhaps the first keen agony that pierces the heart of youth, is when its early friend is cut off, like a blossom, from its side, and it finds itself deprived of a confidential bosom, into which it could pour all its pleasures and all its pains. So at least I have felt, so been deprived of an early friend, who had "grown with my growth," and been all in all to me.

"Lov'd youth! companion of my brighter days!
These mournful rites the song of friendship pays.
So may the song survive when I decay,
Nor die, like you, the blossom of a day!"

To return: youth is but too apt, in its pursuit of pleasure, to destroy the very capability of enjoying it. Our appetites and senses may be compared to a knife, (it is an old comparison) which, while it cuts, by degrees loses its edge. Like a knife, too, our appetites may be artificially sharpened; but time will wear them out, and "leave not a wreck behind."—Let the young think of this; it will be beneficial to them. To a volatile mind there is perhaps nothing more terrible than the thought, that, one day or other, it must be deprived of its delights, and be prevented from having its eager wishes fulfilled: this then should operate upon every youthful being, and prevent in some degree that perpetual anxiety for pleasure, which is but too often predominant; not that it can be expected, or would be even pleasant, to see youth with the grave aspect and formal demeanour of age. Whenever I do, I suspect there is somewhat of hypocrisy in the disposition. No! let youth have its laugh and its frolic; for serious moments will come but too soon of themselves; only let it keep clear of excess and irrationality in its amusements:

"And Heav'n will not strict reparation ask,
For many a summer's day and winter's eve
So spent, as best amuses." *Hurdis.*

J. M. LACEY.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 329.)

Mr. Middleton, to P. Sydney, Esq.
In Continuation.

"My felicity would have been complete, had not the idea of a lost parent too often obtruded itself on my mind. My Maria, too, would often lament the uncertain fate of a father so dear to me, and proposed my once more visiting my native country, and endeavouring to come to some certainty with regard to him. My wife's advice was perfectly agreeable to my own inclinations; but, when we arrived in Scotland, all my inquiries proved as fruitless as those I had before made, though there was scarcely a town or village in the kingdom but we visited.—We spent a considerable time in this excursion; and at last, finding I was not likely to meet with any success, we returned to London.

"Soon after this, my Maria made me a father: but short-lived was my joy; for death, relentless death, robbed me of my beloved wife. In

losing her, I lost all that rendered life desirable; and, England now becoming hateful to me, I determined to go to France, and take with me my young son.

" Before I quitted England, I was fortunate enough (as I then thought) to meet with a woman, a native of my own country, who had been well educated, but who, by some unlucky circumstances, was reduced to a dependent condition. This woman was strongly recommended to me, as a proper person to take charge of my child. To her management, therefore, I entrusted that precious pledge; and had every reason to be satisfied with her care and attention.

" I settled in a retired part of the south of France; and all my hopes of future happiness were centred in my son.—I was so perfectly satisfied with the care his nurse took of him, that, from a grateful motive, I treated her with particular marks of esteem and attention. That attention the mistaken woman misconstrued into a particular inclination for her person; and was so infatuated as to think it possible for me to forget my Maria, and to make *her* my wife. I took no notice of her manner for a considerable time, till she grew so open and unguarded in her advances, that I found it necessary to check her aspiring views. And, as I am perhaps rather haughty, I suppose I might throw so much contempt into my manner, as wounded the wretched woman's pride, and prompted her to take a most cruel and unprecedented revenge.

" My friend, the guardian of my Maria, had lately lost his wife: and, as he had no connexions in England, he determined once more to visit India. But, previous to his embarkation, he paid me a visit in my solitude, and staid with me some time. At his particular desire, I accompanied him to his ship, and remained with him till he sailed.—On my return, as I had never been so long absent from my boy, I flew to make inquiries after him; when I was nearly petrified by the servants informing me that the nurse had told them she had received a letter from me, desiring her to bring the child to a particular place, where I intended (as she said) to make some stay, and that she immediately set off, without taking the female servant who usually attended on the child.

" Imagination cannot conceive the state of my mind, on finding my sweet blossom thus torn from me; nor could I have thought it in nature to have executed a scheme so diabolically cruel. Rage for a time suppressed the emotions of grief: and, as I thought it most probable that she was gone into her own country with my treasure, I endeavoured to trace her to Scotland; but all in vain. I could not hear the least tidings of her, though I was minutely inquisitive at every place where there was a probability of gaining any intelligence of her. Almost exhausted with fatigue and anguish of mind, after having traversed Scotland to no purpose, I went to England, where I had the same ill success. At last, quite overpowered with accumulated misfortunes, I sunk into a languor, which seemed to threaten my intellects.

" Tired of my existence, I determined to return to France, and embarked on board a packet at Dover. Here it was my good fortune to meet with an English nobleman, whose exquisite feelings of humanity were awakened by the sight of a man so lost in wretchedness, as I seemed to be; and, by the most refined and

insinuating attention, he strove to attract my notice. Wretched as I was, I could not but observe his uncommon urbanity: I thanked him, as well as I was able, for his kindness; and he by his winning address soon made me forget that we were strangers. I think I need not tell you, that this most noble of men was Mr. Fortescue's father, Lord Beaumont heard my tale of woe with the most sympathising attention: he accompanied me to my retreat, and never quitted me, till he saw my mind restored to a tolerable degree of composure; and, when we parted, I even promised him that I would one day visit him in England.

"In my retirement, I for some years indulged a melancholy which at length, by use, was grown dear to me, when his lordship summoned me to come and be a witness of his happiness. I came to England, and, for a while forgot my sorrows amid the charming society to whom his lordship introduced me: and indeed I found myself so attached to his family, that, in compliance with his pressing solicitations, I proposed residing entirely with them. But, previous to my formal establishment in their circle, I once more returned to France, in order to take my final leave of my beloved retirement: and, when Mr. Fortescue came to me there, I proposed to him this journey to my native country, promising that I would afterward spend the residue of my days among my English friends.

"Nothing material occurred, till my arrival in this place, where I have at length had the happiness to find my long-lost parent.—But there is one thing which I had nearly forgotten to notice—I mean the change of my name. I certainly had no particular reason for changing it, and can only say it was one of those whims by which melancholy unhappy men like me are sometimes actuated. I took a disgust to my own name of Hamilton, on my first going to France, and assumed that of La Roche, which was the maiden name of my Maria, and which I have borne ever since."

Thus ends the story of Mr. Hamilton, now no longer La Roche.—Surely, Sydney, this father and son have been particularly unfortunate: and yet so perfectly good do they appear, that they seem formed to give and to receive happiness. I am already as much honored in the regard and affection of Mr. Hamilton, as I have long been in the partiality of the Laird of Calderwood. The former often exclaims, when he is attending on his father, "My son! my dear son! where art thou now? Would to God I could see thee at the feet of thy aged grandsire, that he might bless thee, ere he dies!"—Why am I so affected at this? why so interested in what cannot concern me?

Mr. Hamilton resides altogether at the hermitage: Mr. Fortescue continues at Inverness, that he may breathe the same air as the Gordons; and I remain at M'Leod's.—We generally meet every day. Mr. Fortescue does not seem at all anxious to return to England, though there is no immediate prospect of Mr. Hamilton's accompanying him, as he certainly will continue here during the life of the laird; and I shall then attend him; for this place, much as I value it, would cease to please, when deprived of its present inhabitants.

Love holds Fortescue in silken chains, though he still thinks Miss Gordon views him with indifference.—Isabella, frank and communicative on every other subject, seldom mentions the name of Fortescue;

The native delicacy of the sex makes them most reserved on what they are most interested in.—I have endeavoured to convince Mr. Fortescue, that Miss Gordon's reserve to him (of which he grievously complains) does not originate from aversion, but proceeds rather from the dawnings of inclination in a delicate and ingenuous mind.

The other day, as we were walking in the grove near the hermitage, Fortescue and I came rather unexpectedly on Mr. Hamilton and Miss Gordon. Isabella drew back; and a crimson blush tinged her fair face; on which occasion, I could not help repeating to Fortescue the following lines—

> " Soft confusion's rosy terror
> Quite expressive paints my cheek.
> Ask no more: behold your error:
> Blushes eloquently speak."

The connexion between Fortescue and Isabella is so desirable, that every one here is anxious to see it take place. The Laird of Calderwood admires Mr. Fortescue, and is rejoiced to think his Isabella will be so happily settled. Mr. Hamilton, having the happiness of Lord Beaumont very much at heart, feels himself much interested in this match; and I have mentioned before the sanguine views of Mrs. Gordon.

Mr. Hamilton distresses me by his generous attention. He has entreated me in the most animated expressions of tenderness, that, in case he survives his father, and returns to England, I would supply to him the place of the son whom he has lost; that I would look on him as a father, and make his home mine. Lord Malcombe, he flatters himself, will give up all claim to me, as he has a son of his own. I readily acquiesced in his request, as it is what I most wish, to spend my life with him and you. He carries his generous views still further: he designs that I shall take his name; and, to make me completely happy, he will enable me to aspire even to Miss Lenox.—Most respectable of men! thou forgettest that I am but the son of Lord Malcombe's domestic; and I should be unworthy of thy patronage, could I reduce such a woman as that to my level. To see her—to be a witness of her happiness—and once more to associate with that chosen society of friends who are connected with that charming woman—will render me completely happy.

Meantime, Sydney, I have one more friend, whom I am desirous of introducing to your acquaintance, to whom I am strongly attached, and in whose affairs I feel myself as much interested, as if they were my own. But, to make you comprehend this connexion, I must bring you back to my first arrival in Scotland.

When I found myself quietly settled at M'Leod's, I used frequently to walk to Inverness, and, in those walks, I repeatedly met, near the town, a man who attracted my observation.—He was a tall muscular man with one arm, with large features, fresh complexion, and piercing eyes. His hair, which was perfectly white, was done up in a long queue, and in tight curls at the ears. He wore a large hat with a cockade in it, which seemed cocked in the fashion of the last century, and a black cravat tied very tight round his neck. His dress was a blue coat, that had seen better days, with a tarnished scarlet cloth waistcoat and breeches, and a pair of stiff-topped boots, which, to appearance, might have accompanied my uncle Toby to the siege of Namur.

Though the first view of this man brought the idea of the good old veteran forcibly to my mind, yet I cannot say I discovered, in this

stranger's countenance, any of that softness and philanthropy which characterised Mr. Tobias Shandy. But I found there was a something equally interesting about him: methought I could read in his face, that he was open, brave, and generous, that he had long struggled with a world, which had not used him kindly.

On his arm rested a female, who appeared to be much younger than her companion, but yet past that time of life, which would attract the notice of the licentious of our sex. She was pale and wan, yet placid and serene, though a confirmed melancholy seemed gradually to have undermined her health. In this form, feeble and depressed as it was, were still visible the traces of grace and beauty.

I had so frequently passed this couple, that I could delineate their persons and dress with the greatest exactness. Strongly as I felt my curiosity excited, I respected their sorrows and privacy too much, to make any efforts toward an acquaintance with them. Whenever I met them, I saluted them with an air of respect and reverence, which possibly I should not have felt for a crowned head. The gentleman returned my salute, with a kind of assumed fierceness, which forbade any further intercourse: the lady would return the salutation more courteously, and in a style that would not have disgraced a court.

My scene of life, soon after, as you know, grew busy; and I had not time to think much about this neglected pair; till, one day, lately, Mr. Hamilton and I, in our walk to Inverness, met with these strangers. I felt my heart bound within me, and involuntarily advanced a few paces in order to address them; when, recollecting, that, often as we had met, we had never exchanged a word, I drew back.

The singularity of their appearance attracted the attention of Mr. Hamilton, who, after viewing them with a fixed attention, asked me if I knew them. I told him all that I have here related. "Middleton," cried he, grasping my arm with a fervor which told me that his heart was interested, "we must be better acquainted with that veteran."

I answered that it was what I had long wished; but that I feared it would be impossible; as, from the reserve and *hauteur* of the stranger, it was evident that he did not wish to be known. Mr. Hamilton owned that it was a delicate matter, but said that he should not rest in peace, till he had conversed with this man.

Hardly a day passed, that we did not walk to Inverness; and seldom were we disappointed of meeting with those we were in pursuit of; but not the smallest opening could we find for a nearer acquaintance; till, one morning, on our return, we overtook the stranger, who was in earnest conversation with an old soldier. He presently, after shaking the old man's hand, entered the town, while the soldier, with languid steps, passed us. We perceived him frequently pass his hand across his eyes. Mr. Hamilton approached him with a quickened motion; and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, "Worthy soldier," cried he, "you do not know me, nor I you: but we may one day be better acquainted. I am rich: you seem to be poor: tell me, will money make you happy? If it will, you know not with how much pleasure I will relieve your wants: and that gentleman, with whom you just parted—tell him, good soldier, that Hamilton would think it an honor to be acquainted with him."

The old man regarded us both for some time, with a fixed attention, and then, bowing low, with his hand spread on his breast. "I thank

you, sir, gratefully thank you, for your bounteous offer: but I thank my God, Serjeant Norman wants not money: he stands in need of no man's services: and, as for the gentleman you speak of, alas! he will let no one be of service to him."

"Noble soldier!" cried Mr. Hamilton, with his face in a glow, "introduce me to that brave unfortunate; and you may command any return in my power."

"Not for any consideration, sir. His honor's sorrows are sacred here" (laying his hand on his heart)—"he never would forgive me for making them known to a stranger."

"I honor you more than words can express, my brave fellow, for your integrity: but favor me with the acceptance of this trifle, to drink the health of Hamilton and Middleton, not forgetting that of your honored master: and, if that, too, is not a secret, tell me your master's name, and how a letter may reach him."

"That, sir, I will readily do: I would die to serve Lieutenant Bruce. A letter, directed to him by that name, and left at any of the inns in Inverness, will be conveyed to his lodgings. And now, sir, good day! Serjeant Norman will not forget your kindness."

(*To be continued.*)

The Progress *of* Skepticism.

(*From "The Victim of Intolerance, or the Hermit of Killarney." By Major Torrens.*)

O'Connor had always an attachment for literature, and he now devoted himself to it, as a refuge from the "thoughts that burned." His studies took their character from the temper of his mind. Injured and degraded by the laws of the society in which he lived, he pursued those speculations which carried him as remote as possible from real life, and which represented all the misery existing in the world, as resulting from the injustice of human institutions. In the reveries of Condorcet, and the dreams of Godwin, he unlearned the lesson of experience, and voyaged to that "undiscovered country" where every distinction is abolished, every restraint removed, and universal benevolence is the only law.

The delight O'Connor experienced in thus abstracting his thoughts from the present state of things, and reasoning on the future destinies of the world, gave him a strong bias to metaphysical inquiries, and he prosecuted them to an extent that seems scarcely compatible with sanity. In the subtleties of Berkeley and of Hume, he questioned the existence of the penal laws he had deplored, and of the exclusion under which he suffered; and, lost in inexplicable doubt, saw the whole universe about him, matter and spirit, friends, relations, and country, earth, sun and stars, pass from existence,

"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

To the exercise of all our functions Providence has annexed enjoyment. Occupation is happiness. While absorbed in these abstruse, but fascinating studies, the mind of O'Connor experienced the most agreeable excitement; and, in the literal sense of the term, the disciple of Berkeley and Hume dwelt in an "ideal world," abstracted from all that could disappoint or restrain. But he quickly learned that the agreeable excitement and the forgetfulness of injustice, derived from his first essays in metaphysics, were purchased much too dear. By this skeptical philosophy his religious opinions were shaken, and all his moral and social feelings blunted. Each day some sentiment, formerly revered, was discarded as a vulgar prejudice, until, at length, he became a universal skeptic, a confirmed infidel.

a wretch, equally destitute of present enjoyment and of future hope.

A rational mind, and a feeling heart, can find no elevated enjoyment in the absence of religious sentiment. While the process of infidelity was going on, the perpetual exercise of thought exhilarated O'Connor; he was elated and puffed up by the arrogant assumptions of superior wisdom, and, from the throne of self-conceit, looked down on those, who had not force of mind sufficient to free themselves from superstitious thraldrom. But this sentiment of elevation quickly passed away. When the pursuit was at an end, when he had gained the goal, and stood upon the summit of unbelief, he looked around him, not with buoyant self-complacency, but with a disconsolate feeling, similar to that of the ship-wrecked mariner, who surveys an uninhabited island, and finds himself alone in the abodes of desolation.

Society is the climate, in which our moral and intellectual powers take root and flourish. The solitary savage, having no duties to perform, and no knowledge beyond the immediate perceptions of sense, loses all the higher attributes of man, and scarcely rises above the level of the brute. Now the skeptical philosophy has an effect something similar to that, which would be produced on an individual by placing him in an unpeopled world. It is an unsocial system, separating man from man; it is the blight of the soul, withering the shoots and blossoms put forth beneath the genial sun-beams, which mind reflects on mind. When we deprive man of his immortal character, and of the halo shed around him by his connexion with omnipotence, and reduce him to a mere bundle of sensations and ideas, he, in a great measure, ceases to be worthy in our sight; and this shadowy, unsubstantial form, which glides about its hour, then vanishes away, engages but little of our attention or regard. With the fading dignity of man, philanthropy decays; the ardor of benevolence, and the glow of sympathy subside. Thus, in a moral sense, the skeptical philosophy is a non-conductor of light and heat. It diminishes our respect for man; what we cease to respect we cease to love; and, as we cease to love, we cease to sympathise. In this manner skepticism weakens those feelings of fellowship, which bind the human family, which multiply our existence, and which may almost be said to impart to each the energies of all. It deprives society of the power of giving exercise and improvement to our intellectual and moral part, and has a perpetual tendency to bring us back to the savage state.

Anecdotes of Peter *the* Great.

(*Continued from page 338.*)

One of the Czar's architects, a Frenchman, named Le Blond, a very respectable man, had, by some means or other, drawn upon himself the dislike of Menzikoff, who, being resolved to do him an ill turn, effected it in the following manner.

Peter was particularly attached to his gardens, which he had planted with his own hands. Menzikoff, knowing this, took advantage of his master's absence, to write him word that Le Blond, in spite of all the remonstrances he had made to him, had just cut down the trees of those very gardens. This statement was at once true and false: Le Blond had, in fact, cut them, but only the higher branches, which intercepted the view. He had also topped the trees—an operation, by which they are preserved. The Czar never thought of this distinction, and, not imagining that Menzikoff would convey to him so gross a falsehood, arrived in great fury at Peterhoff, where

the first object he saw was Le Blond, who was coming hastily to meet him, and to whom he instantly gave a violent blow with his cane. Le Blond, more hurt by the affront than by the blow, returned to his house, where he fell ill of a fever, which nearly cost him his life. Meantime the Czar hastened to examine his gardens, and, seeing all the trees still standing, and simply topped, sent immediately to make an apology to Le Blond, and, being informed that he was ill, had every possible care taken of him. Upon the stairs of the castle he met Menzikoff, and reproached him with having so grossly deceived him. Menzikoff tried to excuse himself: but the Czar still persisted in charging him with the falsehood, and, telling him that Le Blond was ill, seised him by the collar, and dashed him against the wall, saying, "You alone, rascal, are the cause of his illness.

Anecdote of Lord Nelson.

(*From Mr. Southey's "Life of Lord Nelson."*)

After mentioning a severe wound received by his lordship in the battle of the Nile, Mr. Southey adds—

A large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye; and, the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon, in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in the time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amidst its horrors—with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. "No!" said Nelson: "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined, till every man, who had been previously wounded, was properly attended to

Theatric Anecdotes.

(*From Mr. Butler's "Account of the Life and Writings of Bossuet."*)

In 1761, the celebrated Mademoiselle Clairon, professionally consulted with M. Huerne de la Motte, a French *avocat*, on the reprobation of actors by the civil law of France, and the supposed excommunication of them by the Gallican church. M. Huerne de la Motte delivered his opinion, in a long dissertation, in which he attempted to show, that the laws both of the state and the church against the theatre were founded in prejudice; and that the supposed excommunication of the actors was an invasion of the liberties of the Gallican church. On the motion of M. Joly de Fleury, the *Procureur Général* of the King, the Parliament of Paris ordered this dissertation of M. Huerne de la Motte to be burned by the hangman; and, on a general requisition of the French bar, M. Huerne de la Motte was expelled from it.

M. Desprez de Boissy, in his "*Lettres sur les Spectacles*," mentions, that two individuals having entered into an agreement to establish a new theatre, one of them, from motives of conscience, declined the adventure; that the other instituted, in one of the civil courts of Paris, a suit to compel him to perform his part of the contract; and that the court was of opinion, that the contract was morally vicious, and therefore legally void.

Tame Snakes.

(*From Mr. Broughton's "Letters written in a Mahratta Camp."*)

It is not uncommon to see men who will take up the most venomous snakes, and allow them to creep about their persons, with impunity: they pretend to do this by a certain *muntur*, or charm; and, if we refuse them their claim to supernatural powers, we must at least acknowledge

some art, by which they render so dangerous a creature quite harmless. I have known a Sipahee dig out one of these snakes, and keep him for several days in a cloth tied about his loins; feeding him daily with the utmost care and assiduity. Scorpions are easily rendered innocent by pinching their tails just below their sting; which deprives the animal of the power of darting it forward. It is, to be sure, rather a nice operation; but all that is requisite, is to keep the hand behind and below the creature, who can only inflict a wound forward and over its back.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page* 188.)

Indulgences sold at fifty crowns under Leo X, and at two-pence a piece under Urban VIII.

In 1619, at Longsaunoir, a father caused his two sons, accused of being sorcerers, to be burned alive. He was acquitted by the judge.

Virtue is whatever is useful to society: vice is the contrary.

The contradictions which, it is pretended, are to be found in nature, do not exist: concussions and destruction are not contradictions.

"Man is born to labor, as the birds to fly," says Job. Labor then is not a punishment.

Who was it said that words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools?

A dull man is the torpedo of society, and a man of imagination a contagious flame.

"Sir, I beg your permission to put on my shoes."—"Sir, were there question of putting on mine, I would not give it: but, as the shoes are your own, I cannot refuse."

Cromwell observed, that "people never go so far, as when they do not know where they are going."

BRASILIAN MANNERS.

(*From Mawe's "Travels in the Interior of Brasil."*)

THE dress of the ladies abroad, and especially at church, consists of a garment of black silk, with a long veil of the same material, trimmed with broad lace; in the cooler season, black kerseymere or baize. In the same veil they almost always appear in the streets, though it has been partially superseded by a long coat of coarse woollen, edged with velvet, gold lace, fustian, or plush, according to the rank of the wearer. This coat is used as a general sort of undress, at home, in their evening walks, and on a journey; and the ladies, whenever they wear it, appear in round hats. The appellation of Paulista is considered by all the females here as a great honor; the Paulistas being celebrated throughout all Brasil for their attractions, and their dignity of character. At table they are extremely abstemious; their favorite amusement is dancing, in which they display much vivacity and grace. At balls and other public festivals they generally appear in elegant white dresses, with a profusion of gold chains about their necks, their hair tastefully disposed, and fastened with combs. Their conversation, at all times sprightly, seems to derive additional life from music. Indeed the whole range of their education appears to be confined to superficial accomplishments; they trouble themselves very little with domestic concerns, confiding whatever relates to the inferior departments of the household to the negro or negra cook, and leaving all other matters to the management of servants. Owing to this indifference, they are total strangers to the advantages of that order, neatness, and propriety, which reign in an English family; their time at home is mostly occupied in

sewing, embroidery, and lace-making. Another circumstance repugnant to delicacy is, that they have no mantua-makers of their own sex; all articles of female dress here are made by tailors. An almost universal debility prevails among them, which is partly attributable to their abstemious living, but chiefly to want of exercise, and to the frequent warm bathings in which they indulge. They are extremely attentive to every means of improving the delicacy of their persons, perhaps to the injury of their health.

The men in general, especially those of the higher rank, officers, and others, dress superbly; in company they are very polite and attentive, and show every disposition to oblige; they are great talkers, and prone to conviviality. The lower ranks, compared with those of other colonial towns, are in a very advanced state of civilization. It were to be wished that some reform were instituted in their system of education; the children of slaves are brought up during their early days with those of their masters; they are play-mates and companions; and thus a familiar equality is established between them, which has to be forcibly abolished when they arrive at that age, at which one must command and live at his ease, while the other must labor and obey. It has been said, that, by thus attaching the slave to his master in early youth, they ensure his future fidelity: but the custom seems fraught with many disadvantages, and ought at least to be so modified, as to render the yoke of bondage less galling by the recollection of former liberty.

Feminine Education *in Sicily.*

(*From Mr. Thompson's "Sicily and its Inhabitants."*)

In Sicily, girls are placed at a very early age for education in convents, which differ in expense according to the rank of the person admitted, but which are all the same in principle. Here every thing that surrounds a young person is good and virtuous: she has no intercourse with the world; at least she is excluded from the vicious part of it; nor can any one have access to her, excepting her own family. Her whole life is of such a nature as to make her virtuous: it is scarcely possible an improper sentiment can enter her mind.

Early rising, and early retirement to rest, give her health and cheerfulness: the duties belonging to the Catholic religion give her habits of temperance and forbearance: her time is constantly employed, and her amusements are innocent. She is not allowed to visit her friends more than once or twice a year; and even then she must receive permission. At these times she is always with her mother; if not, with some governess, who never leaves her unguarded. She is never left alone in mixed societies, nor early introduced into them; and she is taught every accomplishment, if not to perfection, at least so as to render her an intelligent, amiable, and agreeable companion.

I cannot imagine any thing more virtuous, more innocent, than a young woman who has been thus educated, leaving her convent to return to her friends.

Indian Duns.

Mr. Broughton, in his "Letters written in a Mahratta Camp," notices a curious process, adopted in some parts of India, for the recovery of debts, or the extortion of money not due. It is called *Dhurna*, and is thus described by him—

"The man who sits the *dhurna*, goes to the house or tent of him whom he wishes to bring to terms; and remains there till the affair is settled;

during which time the one under restraint is confined to his apartment, and not suffered to communicate with any persons but those whom the other may approve of. The laws by which the *dhurna* is regulated, are as well defined and understood as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant carries a number of his followers, who surround the tent, sometimes even the bed, of his adversary, and deprive him altogether of food: in which case, however, etiquette prescribes the same abstinence to himself: the strongest stomach of course carries the day. A custom of this kind was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares, that Brahmuns were trained to remain a long time without food. They were then sent to the door of some rich individual, where they made a vow to remain without eating till they should obtain a certain sum of money. To preserve the life of a Brahmun is so absolutely a duty, that the money was generally paid, but never till a good struggle had taken place, to ascertain whether the man was staunch or not: for money is the life and soul of all Hindoos. In this camp there are many Brahmuns, who hire themselves out to sit *dhurna* for those who do not like to expose themselves to so great an inconvenience."

A MAN *of* FEELING.

MRS. More, in her "Christian Morals," relates the following memorable anecdote, unparalleled (we might venture to say) in the annals of *sensibility*.

"The author," (says she) "many years ago, made one in a party of friends; an expected guest, who was rather late, at length came in; she was in great agitation, having been detained on the road by a dreadful fire in the neighbourhood. The poor family, who were gone to bed, had been with difficulty awakened. The mother had escaped by throwing herself from a two pair of stairs window into the street. She then recollected, that, in her extreme terror, she had left her child behind in bed. To the astonishment of all present, she instantly rushed back through the flames, and, to the general joy, soon appeared with a child alive in her arms. While she was expressing her gratitude, the light of the lamps fell on its face, and she perceived, to her inexpressible horror, that she had saved the child of another woman—her own had perished. It may be imagined what were the feelings of the company. A subscription was instantly begun. Almost every one had liberally contributed, when a nobleman, who could have bought the whole party, turning to the writer of these pages, said, 'Madam, I will give you'..... Every expecting eye was turned to the peer, knowing him to be unused to the giving mood; the person addressed joyfully held out her hand, but drew it back on his coolly saying—'I will give you this affecting incident for the subject of your next tragedy.'—Some will read this passage, who were present on the occasion."

PERSIAN SYSTEM *of* DEPREDATION.

(*From Mr Macdonald Kinneir's "Memoir of Persia."*)

THE following account, given by a person who accompanied Hyder Shah, the present sovereign of Bokhara, in one of his plundering expeditions, may give the reader some idea of the manner in which those predatory excursions are conducted. He commenced his journey from Bokhara, and by forced marches reached Merv Shah Jehan in ten days. Here leaving all his baggage, he advanced with twenty thousand horse, and after three moderate marches reached the banks of Tedzen. In these marches the troops mounted at break of day, and rode till four or five o'clock in the evening, when they fed their horses, and took some refreshment. They always carried seven days' barley for their horses, and a sort of biscuit and jelly made from grapes for themselves. They also carried several days' water, of which they drank but sparingly, and only allowed their horses a small quantity once every twenty-four hours. They mounted again after evening prayers, and rode till midnight. When they reached the town which they intended to attack, they dismounted, and remained quiet till morning, when the gates were opened, and the inhabitants came out with their cattle, &c. The city was then given up to plunder, and the men carried into slavery. Shah Hyder has

made ten expeditions of this kind into Khorassan. He receives a tenth of the plunder; and the remainder is divided equally among his followers.

A Royal SPORTSMAN.

MR. Coxe, in his "Memoirs of the Kings of Spain," speaking of Charles III, says—"His defects were few, but strongly marked; and, among them, we cannot pass over his love of the chase, or rather of shooting, which degenerated into a ruling passion. It appeared to absorb every feeling, and to supersede all other pursuits. It was the whimsical though not unapt remark of a traveller, that, as the Roman emperor considered the day lost which was not distinguished by an act of benevolence, so might Charles the Third, the day, of which part was not devoted to his favorite amusement. So high was the importance which he attached to his exploits as a sportsman, that he kept, in a diary, a regular account of the victims to his skill. A short time before his death, he boasted to a foreign ambassador that he had killed with his own hand 539 wolves, and 5,323 foxes; adding, with a smile, "You see, my diversion is not useless to my country."

READING *prevented.*

MR. Blaquiere, in his "Letters from the Mediterranean," has the following remarkable passage relative to the restrictions on reading in Sicily—

"In a recent instance, the only spirited bookseller in Palermo, Mr. Abbate, went to the continent, and made a large collection of French and German literature, at a very heavy expense. On his return here, the catalogue was inquired for; he produced it; and, on its being read by what is called the *Censore*, several thousand volumes, including the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and many others, were seised, and forthwith deposited in a convent, where they have remained ever since open to the friars. Every application on the part of the bookseller to recover his property has failed."

An ITALIAN SKY.

(*From Mr. Eustace's "Classical Tour through Italy."*)

AURORA, such as Guido contemplated and vainly endeavoured to represent in earthly colors, shed over the Sabine mountains a rich glow, gradually softening, as more distant, into purple, lined with gold a few fleecy clouds that strewed her path, and at length poured a stream of the brightest saffron over all the eastern sky. The tints that gild the clouds even in our northern climates, are as rich and as varied as can be imagined; but the deep purple distances of the horizon, and the glowing yellow of the firmament in Italy, far surpass ours in hue and splendor, and produce that airy perspective, that livid atmosphere, called, in painting, "*an Italian sky.*" In the contemplation of this beautiful and ever-varying phænomenon, we drove till we reached the first post, La Storta, and then enjoyed the glories of the sun, till, concealing himself in a golden fringed cloud, as in a chariot, he darted his rays from behind it, and set the whole firmament in a blaze.

POETRY.

HENRY, *to* HELEN.

WHILE Labor's sons forget their toils in
sleep,
While Mis'ry wakes, to suffer and to weep,
While Fashion's myriads to her haunts
repair, [share;
To waste that wealth, the wretched sigh to
I steal, disgusted, from tumultuous glee,
To tell my wishes and my fears to thee.
Tell them? Alas! how poor are words,
to show [know;
The doubts, the pains, that absent lovers
While Mem'ry, with officious hand, por-
trays [days;
The light wing'd raptures of departed
Recalls each look, each word, to feeling
dear,
The sigh responsive, the impassion'd tear;
Dwells on each charm that gives to Beauty
grace, [to trace.
And paints anew, what love first taught
But *you*, dear maid!—though language
fail to prove
The thousand fond anxieties of love—
You will (thus Hope's delightful whispers
say) [portray;
Learn, from your own, your lover's to
For, when a rigid parent's stern decree
Drove me awhile from happiness and thee,
Then, while I strain'd thee to my throb-
bing breast, [fess'd;
Each vow repeated, and each fear con-
As on thy face I gaz'd with asking eye,
I mark'd the ruby fade, the roses fly;
Caught the soft glance, that spoke thy
bosom's pain,

And told me, Henry had not lov'd in vain.
But oh! distracting thought! should absence prove
(Absence, so oft the cure of early love)
That the dear hopes, which taught this breast to glow,
With joys true passion only can bestow,
Were false, delusive, as the tempting ray
That gilds capricious April's show'ry day;
Should'st thou, unkind, regardless of my woe,
On some more favor'd youth thy smiles bestow,
Or, aw'd by threats, or by persuasion led,
To titled Pride or sordid Av'rice wed;
Should'st thou do this . . . . But, oh! dear maid! forgive
These doubts unjust; and bid thy Henry live,
Secure (though countless billows roll between,
Though Fortune woo thee to her gaudiest scene)
That, still unchang'd, thy constant heart shall rest
Its dearest wishes in this faithful breast.
This sweet assurance shall a charm impart,
To sooth the anguish of a doubting heart:
For, as the trav'ler, doom'd at night to stray
Where dangers threaten in the devious way,
Sees with delight, to gild the eastern skies,
Day's glorious orb in dazzling splendor rise;
E'en with such joy, while thus condemn'd to roam,
In search of fortune, from the sweets of home,
Would thy poor exile hail the cheering ray
Of Hope, whose sunshine, like the smiles of day,
Can to the wand'rer's heart a gleam of joy convey.
Oh! Fortune! Fortune! "love's unchanging foe*!"
What are the joys, thy proudest fav'rites know?
Can their gay toys, that charm th' unthinking train,
Blunt Mis'ry's dart, or lull the sense of pain?
Does love on them superior bliss bestow,
Or Friendship's flame with stronger fervor glow?
Does Grace, for them, a lovelier form assume;
Or Health's fair rose with fresher beauty bloom?
No!—the poor peasant, in his straw-roof'd cot,
Clasps the lov'd partner of his humble lot,
Nor fears thy frown; but, when day's toils are o'er,
As, with kind smiles, she spreads their frugal store,
Feels that he still has pow'r and will, to dare,
For her, each pain that labor calls to share.
No dreams ambitious mar his nightly rest,
Or cloud the sunshine of his peaceful breast.
Health nerves his arm, when wintry storms assail;
And Hope, unwearied, tells her pleasing tale.
Could we, thus blest . . . . . . But oh! the wish forgive.
Free from the cares of life may Helen live!
For, ah! though love the fleeting hours would seize,
And dream of raptures amid scenes like these;
The child of affluence, by taste refin'd,
Feels sharpest thorns with Pleasure's wreath entwin'd,
When ruthless Poverty's distracting train
Rend the sad heart, and rack the fever'd brain.
Then will I snatch the golden hours of youth,
To prove my ardent love, my lasting truth;
For thee, at Fortune's shrine unwearied kneel,
And mark the changes of her dubious wheel;
'Till e'en a parent shall thy choice approve,
And smile propitious on my well-tried love.
'Till then, farewell! and, when you pensive stray,
As Sol descending sheds his parting ray
On Ocean's breast—oh! then remember me,
And carve once more, upon your fav'rite tree,
His name, who, 'neath its shade, first vow'd his love to thee.

JOANNA SQUIRE.

To the GLOW-WORM.
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

HAIL! living light! thy feebly-glowing ray
Is dear to pensive bosoms such as mine;
For Sorrow shuns the glare of broad-ey'd day,
And courts the hour when thy pale lamp may shine.

For then in silence, such as saints would choose,
The mind is rapt in soul-subliming thought;
Each trace of worldly weakness then we lose,
And look to realms with no deep sorrows fraught.

Or, if we yield to Fancy's fervid sway,
She paints romantic scenes of fairy joys,
Where elfin circles by thy lustre play—
Their midnight gambols undisturb'd by noise.

Oft be it mine, pale glow-worm, thus to see

---

* Rowe.

Thy living ray illume the hours of night,
And pour woe's plaint to solitude and thee,
Till joy again shall shed her visions bright!

The SOLDIER *returned.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

'Twas an ev'ning as soft and serene, as are those
Which illumine the vales where the Indian girls rove:
The bee had just giv'n his last kiss to the rose,
As the sun's western glow tipp'd the oaks of the grove:

'Twas an ev'ning by nature intended for bliss,
When we met, my Eliza, beneath this sweet shade:
But joy did not dwell on thy dearly-lov'd kiss;
And we felt sorrow's throb our sad bosoms invade.

'Twas because War's loud mandate had call'd me away,
That *you* wept, lovely maid, or *my* breast heav'd a sigh;
'Twas a call,—though with terror—you bade me obey;
And the tears seem'd ennobled, that swam in thine eye.

Oh! Eliza! I left you a prey to despair;
And my heart, Heaven knows, seem'd to pause in its beat:
But thy order was, "Go!" and it rous'd me from care;
For, if Beauty commands, where's the man can retreat?

When the battle's loud thunder roar'd fiercely around,
And the dæmon of slaughter rode high on the blast,
It was thy gentle pray'r that preserv'd me from wound,
Thus to pour out my soul on thy bosom at last.

Here again we have met; and a similar hour
To that when we parted, has welcom'd us now.
Let us own then, Eliza, Heav'n's goodness and pow'r,
And again seal with kisses our earliest vow.

While thus, love, I clasp thee, and call thee my own,
And feel, too, that war cannot part us again,
I envy no monarch his thorn-cover'd throne,
Where the ermine-deck'd robe hides a heart full of pain.

INVOCATIONS, *serious and comic.*

By Mr. J. M. LACEY.

The despairing BARD'S *Invocation to* SLEEP.

"Tir'd Nature's soft restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays,
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied by a tear."
Young.

OH! gentle pow'r! a stranger now
To this sad breast of sorrow;
Return, and calm my throbbing brow:
Thus peace may smile to-morrow.

Anxiety, and pain, and care,
Around this form are wreathing.
My harp is yielded to Despair,
Her bitter accents breathing.

Its tones no more are tones of joy;
But, wildly sad and tender,
They mark my bosom's deep alloy,
My ev'ry hope's surrender.

Yet once that harp to me was dear;
And life look'd bright and cheering;
For friendship sooth'd the sigh of fear,
Each moment's bliss endearing.

Nor friendship only fill'd my soul;
Love gave an unbought blessing.
Dearly I priz'd its kind controul,
And dearly its caressing.

With these, fair Competence was seen;
Life's hours were hours of pleasure;
It seem'd that nought could intervene,
To rob me of each treasure.

But, ah! not long such moments shone:
Love fled on treach'rous pinion;
Friendship was lost in mis'ry's moan:
Grief reign'd with rude dominion.

On fancy's fond fictitious dream
No more my heart reposes;
I've found deceit in pleasure's beam,
And thorns around her roses.

And now I seek repose in vain:
I weep for joys once cherish'd;
For, oh! it sharpens ev'ry pain,
To think they all are perish'd!

Sweet Slumber, come, thou balmy pow'r!
My deep distresses heeding:
Bid mem'ry pause for one short hour,
And ease a heart that's bleeding.

Pour thy mild opiate on mine eyes;
Extend thy pinions o'er me;
And, as wild fancy round me flies,
Spread dreams of peace before me.

So may my soul enjoy a calm,
Though short, yet sweet and pleasing:
For sleep can give a soothing balm,
Life's worst of sorrows easing.

HENRY *and* CLARISSA.

A Tale.

By Mr. J. WEBB, *Author of* "*Haverhill,*" *&c.*

WHERE Stour mæand'ring winds his sil-
ver way [wild flow'rs gay,
Through woody glens, and vales with
A dwelling peers amid the flow'ry waste—
A rural fabric, much by time defac'd—
Along whose storm-proof front, luxuriant
twine
The curling tendrils of a mantling vine,
Whose luscious grapes, embrown'd by so-
lar rays,
Attract the truant boy who thither strays.
There dwelt Palæmon—affable and kind
—Not Albion's isle could boast a gentler
mind. [arm,
He plough'd paternal fields with sinewy
And reap'd the harvest of his little farm.
Fond of his lot, he never wish'd to roam;
Enjoy'd his toils, and priz'd his happy
home. [life,
To charm each sullen care that waits on
Heav'n gave a social blessing in a wife.
A beauteous daughter, too, of graceful
mien [scene.
And duteous manners, deck'd the nuptial
Henry, a youth who mov'd in higher
sphere,
For this sweet damsel felt a flame sincere.
A new sensation thrill'd through ev'ry
vein—
A painful pleasure—no unpleasing pain.
Ye, who have known, in youth's impassion'd
hour, [pow'r,
The sweet enchantment, and the magic
Which binds the heart that loves—you
can attest, [breast.
What soft confusion reign'd in Henry's
He urg'd his suit: in fair Clarissa's ear
He pour'd the artless tale of love sincere.
With flutt'ring bosom and averted eye,
She heard his plaint, and knew not to re-
ply. [rise,
O'er her fair cheeks consenting blushes
As deep as those that paint the morning
skies. [the scene,
Sweet hours! when gentle love illumes
Each breeze blows fragrance, and the
sky's serene,
Then milder graces eve's brown front
adorn;
And brighter glories gild the brow of
morn: [grove,
The brook runs clearer: prouder nods the
View'd by the magic eye of faithful love.
Full oft, when Ev'ning, clad in mantle
grey, [of day,
Dropp'd her brown curtain o'er the scenes
The lovers sought an unfrequented shade,
And breath'd fresh odors stol'n from
flow'ry glade; [among,
Heard the fond wood-dove's coo, the groves
The throstle's carol, and the linnet's song.
Moments of heart-felt bliss! as swift as
fair— [air—
Swift as a meteor shoots through fields of
As transient as Aurora's pearly tear,
That bathes the rose, when orient beams
appear. [never join
But Henry knew their hands could
In legal rite, the nuptial wreath to twine,
With his stern sire's consent: — they
sought a dale [vale.
Far distant from their tree-embosom'd
There, in a fane the sacred knot was ty'd;
And fair Clarissa smil'd a blooming bride.
They gain'd their homes, while keen su-
spicion slept; [kept.
And still each faithful breast the secret
One luckless eve, they seek their fa-
v'rite grove, [tuous love;
That calm recess, sweet haunt of vir-
When, lo! (sad chance!) they hear un-
friendly feet [retreat:
Approach with cautious step the green
A spy appear'd! — the stripling stood
aghast, [was past.
Conscious, that each bright scene of joy
Too well he knew, his parent's list'ning ear
Would drink the tale his pride abhorr'd to
hear; [troul,
For birth and fortune long, without con-
Had reign'd the master passions of his
soul.
Prophetic fancy pictur'd future woe:
And from their source soft tears began to
flow:
Ah! presage true! his avaricious sire
Exclaim'd, "Unthrifty youth! thou shalt
retire [heart,
From the fond idol of thy thoughtless
And cross the ocean to yon Indian mart,
Where dwells thy father's friend, whose
prudent care [snare.
Will guard thy youth from wily woman's
He'll point the path to affluence, and
explain
To thy untutor'd mind the arts of gain;
Will show the way that Rumbold took to
thrive,

And teach thee how to emulate e'en Clive.
How will it gratify thy honest pride,
When commerce rolls to thee her golden
tide; [greet,
When Indian chieftains shall thy presence
And humbly pour their tributes at thy feet!
Then, foolish am'rous boy! thou wilt
esteem
The past no better than a painted dream:
Then thou wilt bless the head, that could
impart
A plan, to cure the follies of thy heart."
He spoke, nor wish'd nor waited a reply,
Nor mark'd the trembling tear, the stifled
sigh. [stern decree:
Prompt were his movements, fix'd his
Unmov'd he heard a mother's tender plea;
Her ev'ry soft petition scorn'd to grant:—
Ah! what can melt a heart of adamant?
The tow'r impregnable, when storms
invest, [crest;
Shook to its base, must humble its proud
The stable pyramid, that laughs at time,
By earthquakes rent, must bow its head
sublime;
Convulsive shocks the solid rock can part;
But what can soften man's obdurate heart?
Brief let me be—Expostulation vain,
The pensive Henry sought the briny plain.
The ship unmoor'd, a fair propitious gale
In soft vibrations fill'd each quiv'ring sail.
Fast as the bark receding leaves the shore,
Each seaman mounts the deck, to view
once more
The country that he loves.—Amid the
group, [hope;
Poor Henry stood, with mind estrang'd to
For Hope—enliv'ning sylph, that charms
Despair, [Care;
And lights with smiles the sullen brow of
Who on the future turns the suff'rer's eyes,
And paints to-morrow in resplendent
dyes—
Forsook the youth; and, as she bade
farewell, [to dwell.
Wing'd her swift flight, in happier minds
Henry, the saddest of the drooping train,
Survey'd the fir-topp'd hill, the spire-
crown'd fane; [view,
And, when each sea-mark faded on his
He sigh'd, with breaking heart, a long
adieu. [lave
'Twas eve: the king of day began to
His fiery tresses in the ocean wave.
O'er the broad deep, the streaming ra-
diance roll'd—
To Fancy's view, a mass of floating gold:
But ah! this novel scene no charm pos-
sess'd, [breast.
To sooth the grief that rankled in his
For black Despair, nefarious dæmon! shed
His Stygian influence on his hapless head;
Bade his attendant Furies to impart
The fatal purpose to his wounded heart.
Desponding thought, by fatal impulse
sway'd,
Pointed the way to death's oblivious shade.
With phrensied eye he kenn'd th' inviting
wave, [grave.
Leap'd from the deck, and found a wat'ry
Ye feeling bards, whose sympathetic
lyres [soft wires
Breathe the mild strains of pity—whose
Respond at Nature's touch—whose num-
bers flow,
In tuneful sorrow and melodious woe—
Yes, you alone, who boast the pleasing art
To paint the warm emotions of the heart,
Can tell what anguish wrung the wretched
maid, [vey'd.
When to her ear the tidings were con-
Hers was a pang unknown to common
grief:
No briny torrent brought a prompt relief:
No sigh escap'd her breast, no plaintive
moan: [stone.
She seem'd, like Niobe, transform'd to
Convulsions strong her tender form as-
sail'd, [fail'd.
And Med'cine with her healing potions
Fate's rigid mandate claim'd her feeble
breath;
And ev'ry fine pulsation ceas'd in death.
Near yonder fane, beneath a yew-tree's
shade, [maid.
In Death's cold arms reclines the ill-starr'd
Full oft the turf, that decks her bed of rest,
Is by a sorrowing parent's footsteps
press'd.
His sighs increase the breeze at eve's lone
hour, [flow'r.
And tear-drops warm bedew the closing

The Tears *of* Ellen.

By Mr. J. M. Lacey.

Tear XII.

Soon will this hated life be o'er:
Soon will this bosom cease to sigh;
These throbbing temples ake no more;
No more grief's tear-drops fill this eye.

I feel it in my strength's decay;
I feel it in my failing breath;
I feel it in my pulse's play,
That tremulously tells of death.

Oh! Edward! see me once again!
Behold this face, now cold and pale!
Let Pity's tear lament my pain;
And soft forgiveness close the tale.

And, when you hear my last faint sigh,
As Nature meets her final doom,
Truth shall irradiate mine eye,
And triumph o'er the op'ning tomb.
THE END.

The PRISON.
By Mr. J. M. LACEY.
(*Concluded from page* 288.)

SEE, there, a son of Mars in threadbare
suit:—
His wants of indiscretion are the fruit.
By Fortune favor'd in his first career
He sought the dreadful fight, devoid of
fear; [breath,
Led on his men, 'midst war's tremendous
To glorious conquest, or to glorious death;
Where hosts of heroes charge on foaming
steeds; [and bleeds;
Where death-struck valour frequent falls
Where reeking ruins show the hamlet's
place,
So lately cheer'd by Beauty's smiling face;
Where Industry and Health, in union
sweet,
The weary traveller would often greet;
Where infant loveliness, with cherub
smile, [from toil;
Cheer'd the worn lab'rer, when return'd
Where blooming Innocence and virgin
truth [youth;
Receiv'd the honest vows of some fond
Where comfort spread the farmer's home-
ly fare,
Defying want, and shunning ev'ry care.
Now, all destroy'd by war's unhallow'd
pow'r, [hour.
Peace gives no more her soul-delighting
The men are dragg'd to swell the army's
size, [cries,
While mothers fly with horror-breathing
Their infants clinging to the woe-fraught
breast; [rest.
While tott'ring age can find no place of
Long may the peace, which blesses now
our isle,
Spread its all-healing, all-delighting smile:
Long may its pow'r be felt, and give again
Those arts, that fled from war's unhallow'd
reign: [hold
Long may a laughing world its vales be-
Waving with harvests, like a sea of gold;
Its hills adorn'd with grapes in purple
throngs,
And echoing loud to vintagers' wild songs;
No sound of war to dissipate their joy,
No foe to drive them from their rich em-
ploy. [sure shine,
Long may such hours of peace and plea-
The myrtle wreathing with the blushing
vine!

Britain! how blest art thou! When war
appears,
To bid soft Mercy melt in tender tears,
Thy happy vales still smile in peace se-
rene, [green:
Still spread around their pleasure-giving
"Seed time and harvest" still in joy re-
turn; [burn.
Nor on thy plains war's fires in horror
Blessing of blessings! choicest grant of
heav'n,
To this fair isle so eminently giv'n!
Still may thy comforts cheer each passing
hour, [pow'r.
And teach Britannia's sons true honor's
Escap'd from all the dangers of the
fight, [delight:
Yon mourner homeward came with fond
Arriv'd, years pass'd in pleasure and in
peace, [crease.
And smiling Fortune gave his wealth in-
Alas! seduc'd by gaming's baneful charm,
He sought in play the surest source of
harm,
The worst infatuation man can know,
The fruitful fount of never-ending woe!
Sad degradation 'tis of reason's pow'rs,
To waste them wildly in such idle hours;
To see the godlike image giv'n to man,
Degraded thus by plunder's fraudful plan.
Horrid it is to watch the gamester's eye,
As turns the card, or fate-invested die.
There are depicted mingling hope and
fear, [leer.
While glances round the bitter, baleful
His frame with eager agitation burns,
As each bad passion seises it by turns;
And, should the fatal chance against him
rise, [prize;
Bereaving him of Fortune's glitt'ring
Then madd'ning fury fires his frantic brain,
And in wild oaths he vents his rage and
pain: [gleams;
Infuriate vengeance from each eye-ball
And more a dæmon than a man he seems.
Yet will he make one desp'rate effort more,
And madly stakes his last-remaining store.
Again successless, forth he instant flies,
Distracted horror flashing from his eyes.
His fever'd blood in boiling fury flows;
His mind, all madness, no composure
knows.
Thus torn by agony, with terrors fraught,
Some fiend inspires the suicidal thought;
And, if his guilty arm the strength can
find, [mind,
T'achieve the dreadful purpose of his
Life falls a sacrifice to gaming's pow'r;
And, self-destroy'd, he meets his final
hour; [crimes,
Rushes, deep-stain'd with unrepented

Into eternity's untrodden climes;
Dares to appear before an angry God,
Whose awful arm upholds th' avenging rod;
Whose right to take away the life he gave,
His creature impiously has dar'd to brave.
Yet, if a spark of virtue still remains,
To cool the fervid stream that swells his veins,
Then, like yon victim, to a prison sent,
In poverty his crime he may repent;
May wish to run his course of life again,
Still doom'd to find his warmest wishes vain.
These are but few among the various ways
That give to man a prison's cheerless days;
But these, alas! in minds where pity reigns,
Will raise a sigh for mis'ry's piercing pains;
And, e'en where indiscretion brought to want,
Pity must still a pensive tribute grant;
Still for humanity must drop a tear,
Though villany have brought the victim here.

THE END.

FASHIONS
FOR
SEPTEMBER.

Morning Walking-Dress—A round robe dress of white figured muslin, with worked bosom, made high on the neck—vandyked collar of lace—long sleeves, made full, and drawn across in five or six divisions—to tie in small bows of light blue ribbon:—the robe trimmed at the feet with a triple row of light blue ribbon: the shoulder-straps and bracer, ribbon of the same color.—Hat composed of straw and white satin; the brim of straw made broad and round, the scalp of white satin, with straw net; a cluster of blue-colored flowers on one side.—An occasional white net scarf.—Gloves of pale lilac.—Shoes to correspond.—Parasol of lilac or green silk.

Evening Dress—A robe of white satin, with bodice of lace net over white satin; made low on the bosom and back; ornamented with seed pearls: short sleeves, composed of lace, festooned to the shoulder-strap with pearls: the robe ornamented at the feet with an embroidery of pearl in the shape of laurel-leaves.—The hair, a triple row of flat curls, to go round the head:—a small cluster of flowers on one side.—Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.—Bracelets *en suite*.—Gloves of white kid.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.—Fan, of carved ivory.

General Observations.—Morning Walking-Dresses are long robes of white muslin, made high on the neck, rather shorter in the waist than last month, and of a moderate walking length.—Spotted muslins are much worn.—The trimmings are generally of blue or green, diversified at pleasure. The bottom of the dress trimmed with colored silk fringe is of the latest novelty, has been an appendage to French dresses, and is likely to become general.—There is nothing new in the hat or bonnet: the Oldenburg bonnet is in general request: the Angoulême bonnet, of straw or colored velvet, made high in the crown, with a cluster of flowers on the top, is much worn. Hats are diversified at pleasure, corresponding with the dress.—The hair is generally in full curls in front, to turn up behind, or in a triple row of curls round the head. Flowers generally decorate the head.—Necklace and ear-rings of pearl.—Shoes of black or colored kid.

Evening Dresses are either of white satin or fine muslin.—Colored crape is much worn, over white satin slips.—The trimmings are of colored embroidery in wreaths of flowers: the bosom and back made low: the robe of a moderate walking length: short sleeves, made full, to festoon to the shoulder-strap.—The hair in small curls round the head, with a small cluster of flowers behind.—Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds.—Gloves of white kid.—Fan of carved ivory or frosted crape.—Slippers of white satin, with silver rosettes.

BOOKS *recently published.*

Life of Michel de l'Hôpital, Chancellor of France. By C. Butler. 4*s*.

Collection of antique Vases, Altars, &c. By H. Moses. £3. 3*s*.

Ornamental Designs, after the manner of the Antique. By G. Smith £1. 15*s*.

The Campaign in Germany and France. By J. Philippart. £1. 1*s*.

Annual Register for 1813. 16*s*.

Letters from the Continent, describing the Manners and Customs of Germany, Poland, Russia, and Switzerland. 6*s*.

Letters from a Lady to her Sister, during a Tour to Paris in 1814. 4*s*.

Picture of Newcastle upon Tyne. 6*s*.

Brief View of the past and present State of Ireland. By Sir J. J. Jervis, bart. 2*s*. 6*d*.

CHRONICLE.

The King.—"*Bulletin of August* 6.—"His Majesty's bodily health has been uninterrupted, and his mind uniformly tranquil, through the last month; but his Majesty's disorder continues without any sensible alteration."

The Princess of Wales.—August 9, Her Royal Highness embarked at South Lancing, near Worthing, and sailed for Cuxhaven, on board the Jason frigate. She took with her the boy whom she has so long protected, and goes to reside in Germany, at the court of the Duke of Brunswick, her brother.—Her departure from England was sanctioned by the consent of the Prince Regent.

The Jubilee.—On the first of August—being the centenary of the accession of the Brunswick family to the British throne, and the anniversary of the battle of the Nile—a grand *fete* was given to the public, by order of the Regent. In St.James's and the Green Parks, magnificent fire-works were displayed, of which our narrow limits do not allow us to attempt a description: in Hyde-Park, a representation of a sea-fight was exhibited on the Serpentine river, and a crowded fair was held, where innumerable booths and tents offered shelter, refreshment, and amusement, to all who were willing to pay for them.—The three parks were entirely open to the public, with the exception of the Lawn in St. James's, and the Bird-cage Walk, which were exclusively reserved for the purchasers of tickets, at half a guinea each.—Previous to the exhibition of the fire-works, Mr. Sadler, jun. ascended from St. James's Park with a balloon, which, in about forty minutes, conveyed him to the coast of Essex, where, after having been exposed to very great danger from the derangement of his aërial vehicle, he landed in Mucking Marshes, sixteen miles below Gravesend.—The fair in Hyde-Park was prolonged for several days, and still continued to attract immense crowds, when an order was sent by Lord Sidmouth, on Saturday the 6th, to clear away all the booths by 12 o'clock that night.—The order was not obeyed; and affairs proceeded in the same train, until a body of police-officers visited the booths early on Tuesday morning, and forcibly compelled the booth-keepers to evacuate the ground.—The Jubilee, however, did not end here. A report had gone forth, that a new exhibition of fire-works was to take place in St. James's Park on Friday the 12th, the Regent's birth-day: countless multitudes of people thronged from all quarters to see the expected fire-works: but none were exhibited.—Enraged at their disappointment, the assembled crowd, having torn up the wooden railings and fences, and seised upon every thing combustible within their reach, made of the whole an immense bonfire, which did considerable damage to the neighbouring trees, and excited such apprehensions for the safety of St. James's and the adjoining buildings, that several fire-engines were brought to the palace about midnight. The tumult and alarm still continuing, it at length became necessary to call out the horse and foot guards, who arrived at the scene of the conflagration about 2 o'clock on Saturday morning; when the multitude immediately dispersed.

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *August* 4, eleven pence, three farthings—*August* 11, the same—*August* 18, twelve pence—*August* 25, thirteen pence.

False Suspicion.—It appears, on investigation, that the suspicion of Mrs. Noyce's having been murdered by her own son, was groundless. [*See our last Number, page* 351.]

[*London, July* 28.] In Spain, the circulation of English newspapers has been prohibited, by public order; and the punishment inflicted on the proprietors of taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of resort, contravening this ordinance, is ten years hard labor.

[28] All the editors of the Cadiz papers, without exception, have been thrown into prison; and no journal is allowed to circulate but the Madrid Gazette.

[30] Some accounts have been received from the Gulf of Mexico of a late date, by the way of the Havannah. The war raged in the Caraccas with unabated fury, and the most terrible cruelties were committed upon the unfortunate Europeans who fell under the power of the insurgents. About 500 Spaniards had been burned alive by them.

[30] *Aëronauts.*—Yesterday, Mr. Sadler junior ascended with a balloon from Burlington House, accompanied by Miss Thompson, a young lady about the age of twenty.—After a flight of forty minutes, the adventurers landed at Great

ley, near Coggeshall, at the distance of forty nine miles.—While at a considerable height in the air, after having passed through several bodies of clouds, the water, which was trickling down the gas tube, froze almost instantaneously, into icicles of about the size of a goose-quill, some of which the lady broke off to taste. At this time, however, while every thing freezable was frozen, while they were both uncomfortably cold through the chillness of the air, yet the lady found some inconvenience from the extreme heat on her shoulders through the reflexion of the sun upon them.

[*August* 1] On Saturday the Regent went in state to close the session of parliament.

[1] Considerable alarm has been produced at Nottingham at the skill of the French hosiers, which, it is said, defies all competition. A meeting has been held by some gentlemen in that trade with the minister, at which it was represented that this important article of industry in France was produced at nearly 50 per cent. cheaper than in this country.

[1] *Jamaica, June* 28.—Advices from the Havannah state, that the insurgents of Mexico had been nearly quelled, and that their General Morillo had been obliged to fly with very few adherents.

[2] Letters have been received from Madrid, with a decree issued under the royal sanction, for the total prohibition of British cotton manufactured goods, which had been hitherto admitted under the authority of the Cortes.

[2] *The Dublin Evening Post* communicates the intelligence of the election of a Catholic bishop for the see of Leighlin and Ferns, by the Catholic clergy of the diocese, assembled for the purpose at Carlow, on Tuesday last. The Rev. Dr. Murphy, on whom the choice of a great majority fell, was announced to the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Troy, who is to report to Rome, for the sanction of the Pope, which, it appears, there is no doubt of receiving. The principle of domestic nomination will thus be established, as a satisfactory substitute for the obnoxious measure of the *Veto*.

[2] *New Hackney Coach Act*.—By the new hackney coach act, every driver must give to the person or persons who employ him, a ticket or tickets, marked one shilling, or one shilling and sixpence, corresponding to the amount of the fare. These tickets must be produced, if complaint be made against him for extortion or misconduct.—There are to be 200 Hackney chariots licensed, to carry two passengers, and one servant outside. But these are not to be in addition to the present number of 1100, but inclusive.

[3] *Joanna Southcote*.—Our fair readers have probably often heard of an impostor, of the name of Joanna Southcote, a woman verging on seventy years old, who has lately given out that she is pregnant with the true Messiah, and expects to lie-in in a few weeks. It is a positive fact that a cot or cradle, formed of most expensive and magnificent materials, has been bespoken, by a lady of fortune, for Mrs. Southcote's *accouchement*, and has been for some days exhibited at the warehouse of an eminent cabinet-maker in Aldersgate-street. It is surmounted with a dove, and inscribed with texts of Scripture, most grossly and blasphemously perverted.

[4] On Tuesday, the last of the British troops that had been in France, landed at Portsmouth from Bordeaux. Only a few commissaries now remain there, to settle accounts.

[5] *The Inquisition*.—The Spanish monarch, Ferdinand VII. ordered the re-establishment of the Inquisition, by a decree, of July 21, in which he mentions, as a grievous misfortune, "*the long abode which has been made in Spain by troops of different sects*," [the British troops, of course] "*almost all of whom*" (says he) "*were infected with sentiments of hatred towards our religion*."

[9] The Halifax papers received yesterday contain a general order, dated Kingston, July 9, by which it appears that an American force (said in other accounts to be 6000 strong) had landed on the 3d in the Niagara frontiers of Canada. The British force under Major General Riall, (said to be less than 1000,) was too small to make any effectual resistance, and was compelled, after a severe action on the 5th, to retire, with considerable loss, to Chippawa.

[11] *Slave-Trade*.—From June 29, to July 30, petitions to the House of Commons against that diabolical traffic, arrived in London, to the number of 861, signed with the names of above 755,000 petitioners.

[12] *Lord Cochrane*.—In consequence of a meeting of the Knights of the Order of the Bath, at which a warrant was agreed upon, authorising Francis Townsend, esq. King of arms of the Order of the Bath, to remove Sir Thomas Coch-

rane, commonly called Lord Cochrane, from the Order, Mr. Townsend attended yesterday accordingly with a warrant signed by Lord Viscount Sidmouth, as Secretary of the Home Department, a few minutes before one o'clock, in King Henry the 7th's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, and proceeded to ascend a ladder placed for that purpose, to remove the banner of Lord Cochrane from its situation, which was the fourth from the top on the right side of the chapel, between those of Lord Beresford and Sir Brent Spencer.—His lordship's arms were afterwards unscrewed from his stall. The helmet, crest, mantling, and sword, and all his lordship's insignia of the order, were then taken down from the top of the stall. The most degrading part of the ceremony then took place, that of his lordship's banner being kicked out of the chapel and down the steps, by Mr. Townsend.

[12] *Fire-proof Lady.*—Yesterday, the public witnessed the extraordinary exhibition of Signora Girardelli, who, by some chemical application, has the power to put red-hot melted lead into her mouth, to pass red-hot irons over her head and tongue, to stamp with her naked feet on a bar of red-hot iron, to rub her hands with *aqua fortis*, and also with *boiling oil*, &c. She is a Venetian Lady, between thirty and forty years of age. She is placed on a raised platform, and has a chaufer of burning charcoal, with which to heat the iron, &c. and the spectators stand close up to her.—There does not appear to be any trick or deception in her performance.

[12] *Murder.*—August 5, between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, Miss Mary Anne Welchman, a young woman of most amiable manners and exemplary conduct, was murdered in her own apartments in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, by James Mitchell. This villain—who was a servant out of place, and already married to three or four wives, all now living—had, under an assumed character, paid his addresses to Miss Welchman, with, at first, a good prospect of success: but, on her discovering the imposture, and giving him a positive refusal, he went once more to the house; and, having prevailed on her to give him a moment's private audience in the drawing-room, he discharged at her two pistol-shots, which shattered her head to pieces, and terminated her existence. He escaped out of the window, but was apprehended at Salisbury on the 10th.

[14] *America.*—The Government of the United States, by a circular letter of July 4, gave orders for calling out the militia, to the number of above 90,000 men.

[15] *Brighton Festival.*—On Friday last (the Regent's birth-day) a festival was given at Brighton, in celebration of the peace. Sixty-five tables were laid out on the Prince's cricketing-ground, at each of which could be accommodated 122 persons. These were furnished with the good old English fare of roast beef and plum-pudding, after the rate of three quarters of a pound of the former, and half a pound of the latter, per head, exclusive of bread, &c. &c. Beer was provided, in the proportion of a quart for each man, a pint for each woman, and half a pint for each child.—In the evening, fire-works were exhibited.—The whole expense was about £400, raised by a public subscription, and the produce of one night at the theatre, amounting to £50.—One of the guests at the entertainment was Phœbe Hassel, a pauper, in her 99th year, who, in her younger days, in consequence of a love-affair, had enlisted as a soldier in a marching regiment, and served seven years in Germany. The Amazonian veteran, on this late festive occasion, walked to the cricket-ground with the apparent vigor of a woman of fifty.

[16] August 6, an alarming *riot* took place *at Cherbourg*, in consequence of an idea entertained by the inhabitants that great quantities of corn were about to be shipped for England. There were at the time several English vessels in the harbour, which were attacked by the populace, who maltreated the crews, and threw various articles over-board. In the streets, every person, of English appearance, was assaulted—even two English ladies, who were severely mis-used, and had the better part of their clothes torn from their bodies. Tranquillity, however, was at length restored, by the arrival of a strong military force, and the apprehension of about 200 of the rioters.

[16] *France.*—August 11, the Chamber of Deputies (by a majority of 137 votes against 80) adopted the law for restricting the *liberty of the press*, by the establishment of a previous *censorship*. A clause, however, was added, which limits the duration of the law to the close of the session of 1816, unless renewed in the mean time.

[16] Different parts of Italy are now infested by numerous and regularly organised regiments of robbers, collected

from the dregs of those armies, of all nations, which the late war had called into action. One of these predatory associations has (it is said) taken possession of all the coast from Nice to Naples; and appears to have regular statutes and rules, enforced by a very severe discipline. It has insurance-offices, where tickets of exemption and security are issued, on paying a slight contribution.

[17] *Carolina Criminal Code.*—At the last May sessions in Charleston, James Hutton, for killing a negro, was fined fifty pounds; and George Burrows and Robert Welsh, for negro-stealing, were sentenced to be hanged!

[17] The seventy-first Annual Conference of the Methodists was held at Bristol, on the 25th ult. and there were nearly 300 ministers present. The increase, during the last year, amounts to near 15,000; of whom 12,484 have been added in Britain, and the remainder in the West Indies and Nova Scotia. — This statement embraces the *Wesleyan* Methodists alone, without including any of the other descriptions.

[17] A quantity of gooseberries were plucked last week at Maresby, in Cumberland, eleven of which weighed something more than half a pound. They were nearly of a size, and one of them measured in girth, lengthwise, four inches and a half, and four inches across, and weighed three quarters of an ounce.

[18] Six watches, with parchment labels annexed, were lately stolen—apparently, by rats—from a box on the counter, in Mr. Ollivant's shop, at Manchester, and carried off through an aperture in the floor. They were afterward found between the floor and the cieling underneath, without any of the glasses being broken, or other damage done, except the parchment labels being eaten away.

[18] In our last Number, we noticed the Regent's *intention* to remit the punishment of the pillory to Lord Cochrane, and the other persons sentenced with him. On Monday last, a regular warrant was sent, directing the sheriffs not to put the punishment into execution; the Regent having remitted that part of the sentence.

[19] From the Report of the Corn-Committee of the House of Commons, it appears, that three thousand, two hundred, and thirty inclosure bills have been passed during the present reign.

[19] *Brothers*, the prophet, who has been confined as a lunatic for a length of time, is so far recovered as to be allowed the enjoyment of liberty. He expresses much regret that his prophetic writings, the productions of an insane mind, were ever circulated.

[20] *Sabbath.*—By the new French regulations, any person at Paris may obtain permission to work upon Sundays, on paying twenty-five livres.

[22] Several butchers and other shopkeepers were lately fined at one of our police-offices, on the complaint of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for exercising their trades on Sunday.

[22] Intelligence from Copenhagen gives an account of a hard-fought action between the Swedes and Norwegians. The former, on the 27th ult. attacked the Isle of Krageroë, near Frederickstadt, and were repulsed. On the next day they renewed the attempt; and, after losing 1,600 men, 40 vessels, and a great number of pieces of cannon, they succeeded in capturing the island.

[22] The King of Sicily opened the Parliament at Palermo on the 18th ult. by a speech from the throne, in which his Majesty declared his determination to support the Constitution, as formed on the model of that of England.

[22] At the Somerset assises, Mrs. Adlam (noticed in our Number for May, page 247) was found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. — The deceased, (it appears) in addition to his foul verbal abuse, had given her two violent blows, and knocked her down.

[23] An unprecedented and shocking scene took place at the execution of six malefactors in front of Newgate yesterday.—One of the unfortunate sufferers, John Ashton, had been in a state of insanity since the arrival of the warrant for his execution: and now, on mounting the scaffold, he began to kick and dance, repeatedly exclaiming, "I am Lord Wellington!" and clapping his hands, as far as he was permitted by the extent of the cord with which he was bound.—Two men were obliged to hold him during the prayer; and, when released by them, he turned round and round, again began to dance, and vociferated, "Look at me! I am Lord Wellington!"—On the falling of the platform, scarcely had the sufferers dropped, when Ashton rebounded from the rope, and was instantaneously seen dancing near the clergyman, and crying out very loudly, and apparently unhurt, "What do you think of me? Am I not Lord Wellington now?" He then danced,

clapped his hands, and huzzaed. At length the executioner was compelled to get up on the scaffold, and to push him forcibly from the place on which he stood. He seemed to suffer great agony, and died in strong convulsions.

[24] *Parental Cruelty.*—On Tuesday, one Gregory, of Stoke-Lane, near Shepton-Mallet, so severely beat his daughter with a twisted rope, that she died before medical assistance could be procured.

[27] As a proof of the present declining value of land, the tithes of a parish, near Ruthin, which were let, last year, for £1800, fetched, this year, only £1100.

[27] The principal lords of manors in the eastern parts of the kingdom have agreed that their respective game-keepers shall not commence partridge-shooting until the 15th of September; the early broods of birds having been generally destroyed by the rainy season, and the latter ones being scarcely fliers.

Born.

July 10. Of Lady Sarah Murray, a daughter.

24. Of Mrs. Golborne, Harley-street, a son and heir.

30. Of Mrs. Watson, Saville-row, a daughter.

August 1. Of Mrs. Peter Bordenave, Streatham, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Boddington, Upper Seymour-street, a daughter.

3. Of Mrs. Guise, Upper Baker-street, a son.

Of Mrs. W. Lucas, St. James's Place, a son and heir.

Lately. Of the Countess of Ashburnham, a daughter.

6. Of Mrs. H. A. Meriwether, twin sons.

12. Of Mrs. Collyer, Blackheath Hill, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Solly, of Serge-hill, Herts, a son.

15. Of Mrs. Hurle, Bedford Row, a daughter.

Of Mrs. Charles Day, Southampton, a son.

Married.

July 26. Mr. Finch Hatton, to Lady Charlotte Graham.

27. (*Triple Alliance!*) At Brill, in Bucks, *were married, at the same time, three sisters,* daughters of the late Laver Oliver, esq. viz. Mary, the eldest, to Lieut. Col. Manners Sutton—Eliza, the second, to the Rev. W. S. Gilly—and Harriet, the third, to W. Mansell, esq.

28. The Rev. J. B. Hollingsworth, of St. Peter's, Cambridge, to Miss Lydia Amphlett.

August 2. James Powell Cranmer, esq. to Miss Cranmer, of Quendon Hall, Essex.

Lately. Francis Rufford, esq. Stourbridge, to Mrs. Price.

Lately. At Alverstoke, the Rev. David Parker, to Miss Charlotte Bogue.

4. Lord Clinton, to Miss Frances Isabella Poyretz.

11. Thomas Hawkes, esq. of Hemley, Staffordshire, to Miss Alice Anna Blackburne.

The Earl of Cavan, to Miss Lydia Arnold.

At Harrogate, John Hanbury, esq. to Miss Margaret Oliver.

Capt. R. H. Barclay, R. N. to Miss Agnes Cosser.

13. Paul Philipsthal, esq. of Ovendon-House, Kent, to Miss Williams.

15. Henry Knight, esq. of Kingston-upon-Thames, to Miss B. Worrell.

17. The Rev. W. Dealtry, of Clapham, to Miss Harriet Stainforth.

18. Jerrard Edward Strickland, esq. to Miss Cholmeley.

Deceased.

July 23. Sir Edward May, bart.

Mrs. Austin, Bulstrode House.

26. R. Holmes, esq. M. P. for Newport.

The Rev. Clement Cottrell.

27. Mrs. Cottrell, Wimpole-street.

28. Mrs. Bartholomew, Chelsea.

29. Miss Charlotte Catharine Egerton, of Washington, Durham.

The Rev. H. Windle, Brightwell, Berks.

August 1. The Rev. J. Carver, archdeacon of Surrey.

Lately. The Rev. Averell Hill, archdeacon of Limerick.

5. Lady Manners, *suddenly, after drinking a bottle of Soda-water.*—[*A caution respecting Soda-water has heretofore been given in our pages.*]

7. *Suddenly,* J. Seagram, M.D. of Warminster, *aged* 70.

Lately. The Rev. Benjamin Dawson, of Burgh, Suffolk.

8. The Hon. Mrs. Laurence Walpole.

Lately. The R. Rev. Dr. John Chisholm, vicar apostolic of the Highland district.

9. Mrs. Anne Heys, Preston, Lancashire.

11. Mrs. Onslow, Dumborough-House.

Donald Trail, esq. of Russell-square.

14. Captain W. Raven, Camberwell.

15. Mrs. Robert Hunter, Kew.

18. Mrs. Clive, Lower Brook-stret.